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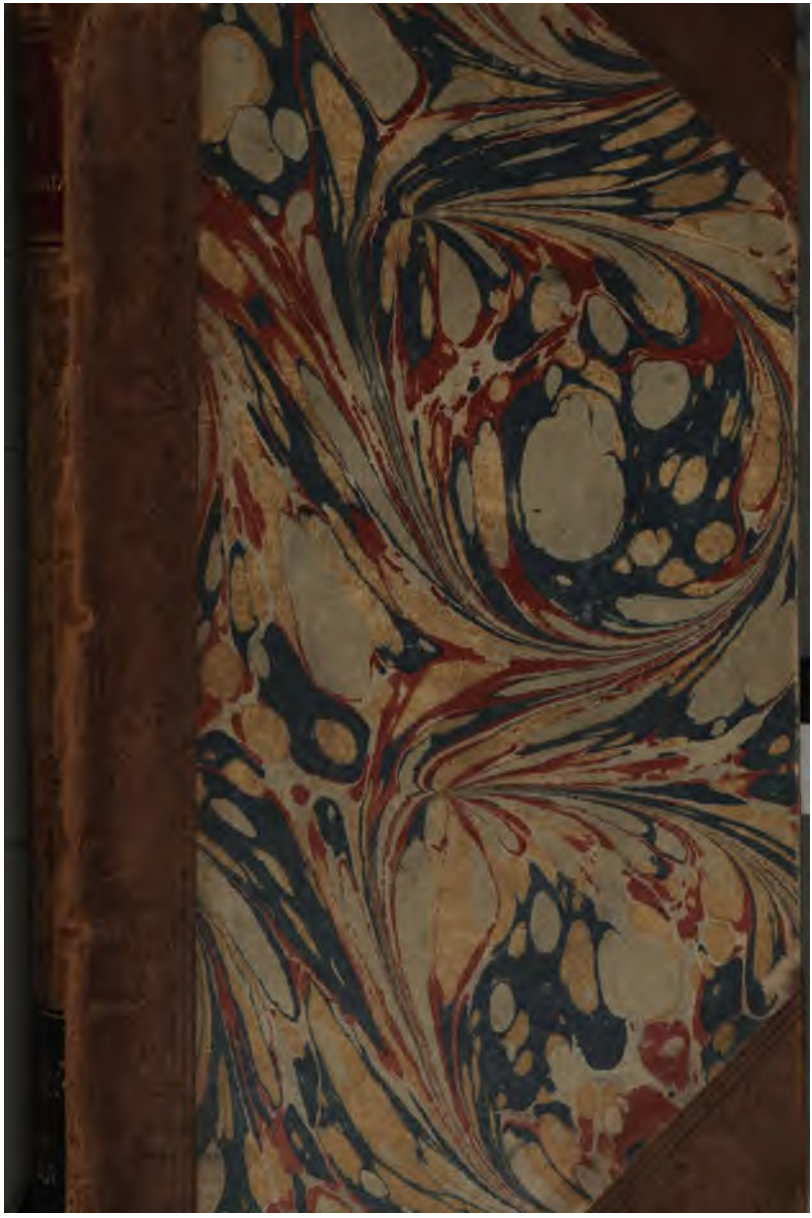

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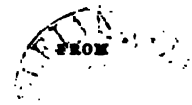

Switzerland.

" How deep their error, and their hearts how vain,
Who welcome Folly, and her baneful reign;
Smile midst her smiles, and wander in her ways,
Fond of the glittering scene, and flowery maze!"

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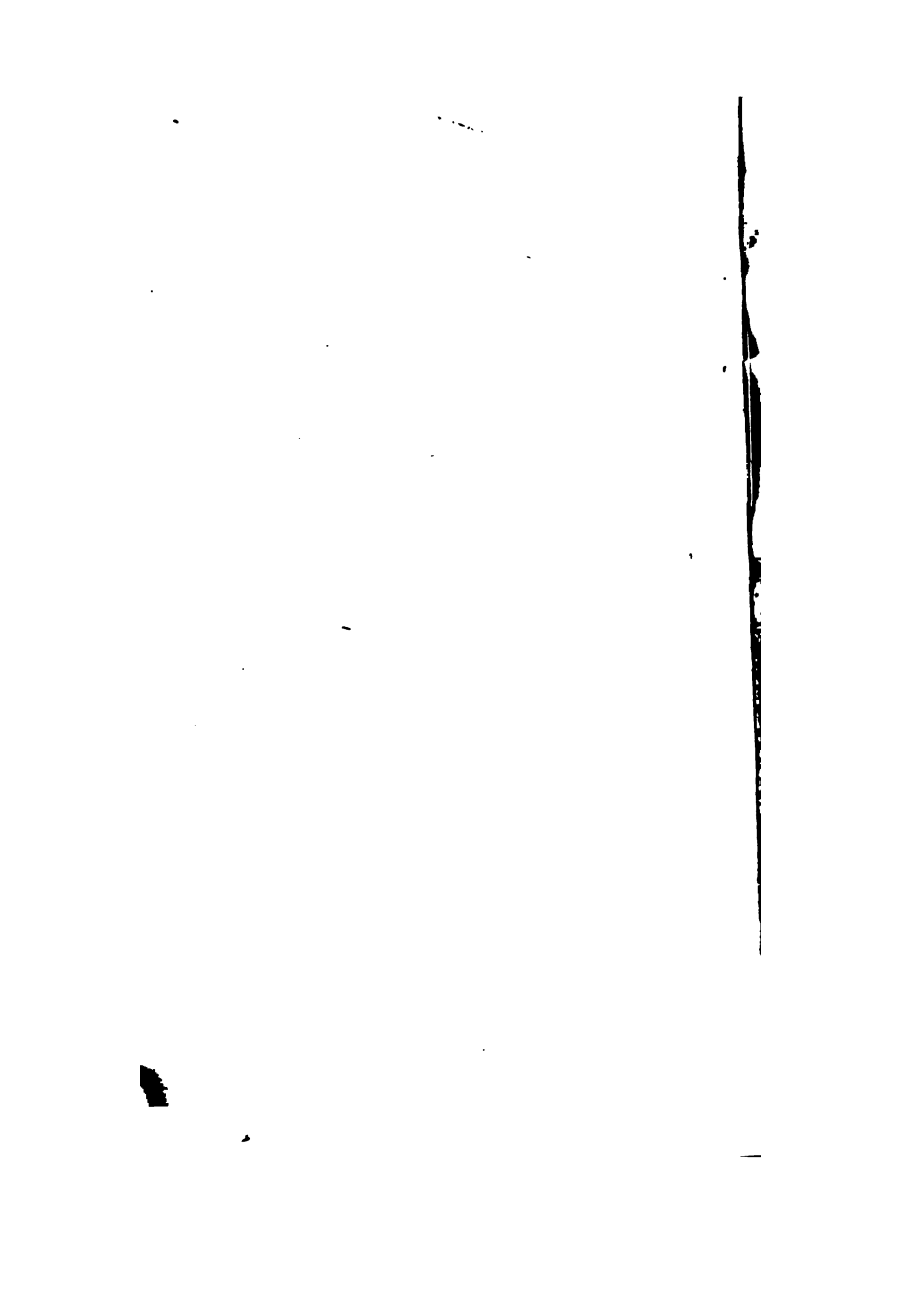

PREFACE.

In presenting the following narratives to the public as authentic, the Author would not be understood to convey the idea, that they are, *in every particular*, related with a strict adherence to fact. The deviations, nevertheless, are few and the more unimportant, as they are met with principally in the colloquial parts. A sentiment may be introduced which cannot be attributed to the peculiar time and place; while an observation may incidentally occur, which seemed naturally to arise out of the occasion, though it may not have suggested itself at the moment. On the whole, however, they may be relied upon as substantially correct.

With the story of Matilda, indeed, greater liberties have been taken. Yet, desirable as this was considered for various reasons, whatever may have been the less prominent features of a life, agitated as was her's, it's leading characters will be found accurately delineated.

With respect to the Swiss Tale, the reader,

it is presumed, will not be displeased to learn, that it is from the pen of the individual, with whom, it is hoped, he will have become favourably acquainted in "The Evening-Walk," and at "The House of Mourning." On this account, more particularly, it appeared a suitable companion for the narratives it attends.

For the translation, and the notes subjoined to it, the writer is indebted to one, whom he is happy thus to acknowledge as the mutual friend of it's author and himself: —a threefold cord, which with humble confidence they believe indissoluble, whether it be in life, or in death—amidst "the things which are seen and temporal, or those which are unseen and eternal."

With these few prefatory observations, and with the fervent prayer, that the Divine blessing may accompany the perusal of his volume, the writer commits his little labour to the protection of Him, who can prosper, if it seem good to Him, even the work of his unworthy hands.

An Evening Walk.

The clouds, that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober colouring from an eye,
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been—and other palms are won.

Wordsworth.

Miscere utile dulci.—*Hor.*

EVENING WALK.

PART I.

"We 've lived estranged afar from God,
And loved the distance well;
And run with eager haste the road,
Where Sin and Ruin dwell."

IT was in the beginning of Autumn, that I was requested by a dear fellow-labourer to accompany him in an intended visit to some of his female penitents, whose crimes had brought them to a state of severe suffering, and, as it proved eventually, were fast hurrying them to the tribunal of judgment. Worn away by disease which their riots had entailed on them, these unhappy, though to be commiserated, outcasts of society had been sent into the country by the conductors of the Asylum,* in the hope that

* A Magdalen Asylum, established and principally conducted by my friend. Like the late excellent Mr. Scott, when alluding to a similar subject, he might say: "I have attended to their wants, spiritual and temporal,

change of air might at least stay the stroke of death, and give these unfortunate victims of seduction a little longer to bewail their transgressions—a little longer to "look on Him whom their iniquities had pierced"—a little longer to "mourn for him," and exercise the feelings of a godly repentance.

It had been so ordered by Him "who keepeth mercy for thousands," that we should be permitted to anticipate a gratifying meeting. The ministry of my friend had been so far blest, as to encourage him to persevere in proclaiming to them the rich provision, the full and free salvation of the Gospel, and in exhorting them to flee from impending wrath. After the prayers, the warnings, and anxieties of years, he had at length seen them humbled at the Saviour's feet, and with Mary, their companion in

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wholly without remuneration from man." Through the Divine blessing on his labours, and those of no trivial nature, he has seen many of its once unhappy and abandoned inmates, not only converted "from the error of their ways," but, by an irreproachable walk and conversation, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

sin and sorrow, bathing them with their tears, and willing to wipe them with the hairs of their heads.

On an errand so painfully pleasing, it would not be denied us the relief of pouring out our hearts. The evening was delightful, and, from its stillness, well suited to meditation such as our's. Not a cloud obscured the sun, which, though declining, was still high above the horizon, and shed its beams with considerable power. Our path lay over hill and dale, and was beautifully diversified; now, leading us beneath the shade of overarching chesnut-trees mingled with elms, and now, conducting us through vineyards ripening fast for the wine-press. Mont Blanc* in the distance rose majestically before us, towering in sublime gran-

* The highest mountain in Europe. It is visible at an almost incredible distance. The writer saw it distinctly while he was descending the Rhone; and was informed that, at that moment, there was an interval between it and him of one hundred and thirty miles.

deur above the surrounding steeps, where the foot of the chamois* alone had trod, inducing many a solemn, but not unprofitable, reflection. For the present, at least, there were neither "fightings without," nor "fears within." All around us was tranquil, and the quiet scene appeared to impart to us a portion of it's peace.

The subject ever dear to the breast of a Christian, and which will occupy his thoughts "when he sits down, as when he rises up," in the retirement of the closet, as "when he walks by the way," was (and could it be otherwise on such an occasion?) our humbling, but rejoicing, theme. We followed the blessed Jesus through his path

* The chamois is a species of antelope, and is peculiar to the high regions of the Alps. It is rarely seen alive, except by those who gain a precarious subsistence by the hazardous pursuit of it over "rocks, wastes, and wilds, and everlasting snows." The writer, however, had the good fortune to meet with one at Chamounix, in Savoy, which had been taken when young. It's agility was truly astonishing.

It is observed of the hunters of this animal, that they acquire a remarkable ferocity of character and countenance;

of sorrow; and, as we traced him from the manger to the tomb, insensibly drew near the abode of one of our despised perhaps, but surely not uninteresting, mourners. Passing a rivulet, we now took the direction of a causeway, considerably elevated above the adjacent meadows, which were flooded, as I understood from my friend, for many months together at the seasons of "the early and latter rain," though at this moment smiling and cheerful. They reminded us of those we were going to visit. Like these fields in the absence of a genial warmth, they were in sadness, and, as it were, sunk "in deep waters;" yet had we good hope, that the Sun of Righteousness would soon arise on them with healing in his wings, when "the solitary place should gladden, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

As we crossed a stile, a cottage presented itself to our view. "There," said

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from the dangers, probably, to which they are constantly exposed, and from the little intercourse they hold with their fellow-men.

my companion, " is the cabin where one of my poor children resides." Though lonely, it was pleasantly situated. In front was Salève,* which, extending to the south almost as far as the eye could reach, seemed gradually to blend itself with the extremity of the Jura.† To the left were

* Salève is a mountain of considerable extent, remote from four to six miles from Geneva. From the town it has a bold, though rather bleak appearance, having little or no brushwood to conceal the various strata of which it is composed. There are still a few trees on it's summit, visible at a great distance, and attracting the eye from the singularity of their situation. They are still known by the name of " les treize arbres," (the thirteen trees), though several of their number have sunk under the all-destroying hand of time, and have never been replaced.

Salève runs parallel to the Jura, and girds the lower part of this beautiful and far-famed valley to the south.

† The Jura is a majestic range of mountains, forming a natural boundary between France and Switzerland. We call it the *natural* boundary, to distinguish it from the *artificial* limits imposed by France on the Confederacy. The latter extend beyond the Jura to within three miles of Geneva. Here it was, at a pretty village, the celebrated Ferney, that Voltaire, when driven from the neighbouring Canton, fixed his residence. But, alas! if he was personally excluded from the Republic, the poison of his writings and principles found but too easy access,

the nobler piles of the more distant Alps, while the Arva was seen, at intervals, rolling it's tumultuous waves through the valley.

On our arrival, we found this unhappy

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and spread with an awful rapidity amongst all classes of its inhabitants. Thus it is, that the enemy of mankind, under the specious pretext of literary ease,* too often seduces thousands of those, who, "placed in authority," should be the guides, and not the corruptors, of their inferiors, imperceptibly to destruction, for they "are taken captive by him at his will."

While we are on this subject, the writer may be pardoned for mentioning what may tend to confirm the faith of some, that, from every inquiry he could make when on the spot where the great modern leader of infidelity resided at intervals, and whence† he went to give an account to Him "who respecteth not the person of any," and who "will render to every man according to his deeds," as also during his visits to those more distant scenes which he frequented—his youth was unhappy: his maturer life melan-

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* "Quid enim est dulcius otio literato?"—*Cic. Or.*

Dr. Burnet, speaking of Geneva in his time, says: "It is surprising to see the learning that is here, not only among the professors of it, but the very magistrates and trading citizens are well versed in the Latin tongue, mighty well acquainted with history, and generally men of good sense."

† Voltaire, it is well known, died in Paris.

object of our search almost deprived of the power of articulation. She had observed us as we turned from the fields, and recognised my friend. The sight of her dear instructor completely overcame her. He had been the instrument of Him who had bought her with his blood, of reconciling her to God, and bringing her wandering

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choly, amidst the forced smiles of hilarity: his old age miserable: and his death—UNUTTERABLY FEARFUL!

It is related by an amiable author of the last century, who called on Voltaire when he was advanced in years, that he despondingly replied: "Monsieur de Voltaire is too old to receive visitors." On this he remarks: "The philosopher of Ferney, I suspect, is beginning to feel the messengers of eternity about him, and to tremble."

Would it be believed, that any part of this wretched being could be preserved as a memorial of departed worth? Yet so it is. The writer has seen the urn in which are deposited *the ashes of his heart*. It is in the custody of the present possessor of the chateau of the infidel. A precious relic truly! *O quam magna dementia!*

When will his infatuated admirers learn wisdom? O that they would remember, that there is "a worm that never dies, and a fire that never shall be quenched!"

steps into the fold of salvation. His presence, consequently, could not but revive many painful remembrances. The horrors of her past life—her aggravated transgressions against Him who had borne with her so long—the tender love of her Redeemer, who would not let her go until he had led her into the "paths of peace," could not but greatly agitate a frame already much exhausted. She caught his hand, and wept and sobbed aloud. My friend then took my arm, and in an under-tone said, "Let us withdraw until her emotion subsides. Poor Rose," he added, "how different from what I knew her once! When I first became acquainted with her, she was like a flower of the field; but now the flower is faded, and the grace of the fashion of it is perished!" Her whole frame, indeed, was debilitated, as if by extreme age, though I believe she had not attained her twentieth year. Her back was bowed, and her limbs tottered beneath her weight. Her cheek, however, though deeply emaciated,

still retained in appearance the vivid colour of youth; but,

> " 'T was *not* of youth, nor yet the glow,
> That warms health's blithesome blush:
> 'T was not of joy, nor yet of woe—
> 'T was fever's deadly flush."

Returning to her after a few minutes, we found her more composed, and in a situation to listen to the voice of consolation. " Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." On such an occasion, how sweet is a command like this! In obedience to this gracious injunction, we endeavoured to pour balm into the wounds of this contrite spirit. We spoke to her of Jesus, and his power to save: we told her of his love—that love which urged him to " leave the glory of his Father," veil himself in human flesh, lead a life of sorrow, and die an agonizing death: we dwelt on his office, as

Mediator between God and men: and, finally, we pointed her to him as sitting "on the right hand of the Majesty on high," and "ever living to make intercession" for his people. We then knelt in prayer, and commended this strayed sheep to Him who, though "without sin, was tempted in all things like as we are;" who can compassionate the anguish of a penitent heart, "forgive it's iniquities, and heal its diseases." He, we doubted not, "had graven the name" of poor Rose "upon the palms of his hands," there to "have it in everlasting remembrance;" and to his care we entrusted her, as the faithful "Shepherd and Bishop of her soul."*

Bidding adieu to this "outcast of Zion"

* It will be gratifying to the pious reader to learn, that in a few months from this period, after a gradual decay of the outward, and, as it seemed, a corresponding growth of the inward man, this poor wanderer was gathered among the remnant of the true Israelites. One, who attended her on her dying bed, informed the writer, that she expired in the joyful anticipation of a blessed immortality.

with many varying emotions, we proceeded to administer similar consolation to her sisters in affliction. But, how little do we know what a day, or an hour, may bring forth! The Christian, however, will rest assured, while he "commits his way unto the Lord," that his steps will be directed by the unerring hand of Him "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." If a vessel of mercy is to be called, provision will be made. The instrument, it is true, may be unworthy; yet the commandment shall in due time go forth: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins:*

* Mr. Hervey, in one of his letters, remarks, on this expression, that the word in the original, וכענן, translated "cloud," in the second clause, should be rendered a "*thin* cloud." The passage thus becomes much more forcible, and the antithesis beautiful and striking: "I have blotted out, as a *thick* cloud, thy transgressions;" but, lest the poor trembling penitent should doubt the possibility of blotting out a *thick* cloud, it is added, "and, as a *thin* cloud, thy sins." How sweet is such an assurance

return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." O, who will deny the election of an unchanging love! When we consider by what apparently accidental circumstances, by

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from Him, who cannot lie, to a soul burthened and oppressed with a sense of guilt!

In order to ascertain the propriety of this alteration, the author wrote to a gentleman well versed in Hebrew, himself also a son of Abraham according to the flesh, to consult him in reference to it. He entirely concurs in the emendation, and concludes his criticism by observing: "I conceive it needless to remark to you, that wherever you find the letter, ו, prefixed to a word in the same verse, and in some cases even in the foregoing, it is always an additional to the formal."

There is, however, a double *inverse* antithesis in this passage, of which the writer is not aware that any notice has hitherto been taken; in the union of *transgression* with the *thick* cloud, and of *sin* with the *thin* cloud; which imparts an energy to the merciful declaration, that it is well worthy of grateful meditation. But this would not be so apparent, until the true signification of the term in question was ascertained.

Bishop Louth renders the word in question, "a vapour," without assigning the reasons of his alteration. So far, however, his translation is in favour of our present hypothesis; though, if the writer may presume to remark on

what circuitous routes, it pursues its "eternal purpose," surely it becomes us to bow the head in silent adoration; and, while we *wonder why* it should be so, *acknowledge* the humbling, though mysterious, truth—a truth which gives "all glory to God," while it is calculated to produce "peace on earth," in cheering the desponding mind. If we love him, is it not because he first loved us? Is it not because his eye pitied us, when there was none to deliver? Is it not because, when he passed by us, and saw us polluted in our blood, he had compassion upon us, and said unto us—"Live?"*

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the production of so eminent a scholar, he would submit with deference, that by rendering וכעגן "a vapour," instead of "a *thin cloud*," the full force of the original would scarcely seem to be preserved, as there appears to be some remote affinity between it, and כעב, which is universally acknowledged to signify, in the present instance, "a *thick cloud*." The antithesis is much more apparent and beautiful, if we mark it merely by the difference of adjunct: "I will blot out, as a *thick* cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a *thin* cloud, thy sins."

* Though nothing is farther from the design of the au-

As one of the two young women, we were now going to visit, was confined to her bed, we thought it advisable that my friend,

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thor than to send his little volume into the world, as a controversialist, his conscience would not permit him to pass over the remarkable incident here alluded to, and which will be more fully elucidated in the sequel, without a cursory observation. Feeling, however, as he does, that both the Divine glory, and the peace of the redeemed, are intimately connected with the doctrines of grace, he considers himself happy in being able to make a quotation from one of the late Mr. Scott's letters, which, as it appears to him, most aptly illustrates the hidden, but virtual, causes which have hitherto prevented, and which still prevent, the universal reception of a truth, that would seem to be so clearly revealed.

"In general," says Mr. S., "the Lord's method is, I think, to bring down our wills into submission—unreserved submission; and then to grant the thing longed for; and the sweetness of unreserved submission, after many conflicts with unbelief and rebellious will, has been greater than almost any I ever felt in having the desires of my heart granted me. This was the final result of my long-protracted rebellion against the doctrine of gratuitous election. I shall not forget the sweetness of saying, for substance, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

only, as her avowed Minister, should see her; and little did we imagine, at the moment of our coming to a resolution suggested by prudence, that the finger of God was there, over-ruling it for the good of one with whom we were unacquainted even by name. As we approached the cottage where they resided, agreeable to our previous determination, we separated; my companion "went on his way," while I turned aside into a church-yard, which seemed to invite me to repose. I entered it accordingly; and, fatigued with my walk, threw my "listless length" beside a grave which was shaded from the heat.

"It was a spot for meditation framed."

Here rested, after the toils and trials, the joys and amusements of life, the generations of by-gone years. Here, many an aching head had found at last the ease, it had so long sought in vain; and here, many a heart, buoyant with anticipation, had ceased unwillingly to beat! As I looked

around me, I observed that several had been recently interred. That "bed of earth" which lent *me* its support, appeared to hide the remains of one, who for ages had been numbered with the dead. The grass grew rank upon it, affording me no unrefreshing pillow, while the gentle inclination of the grave permitted me to enjoy the magnificent prospect. The highest ranges of the Alps " lifted their awful forms," and " swelled from the vales" before me. The sun shone on them still warm, and with a dazzling splendour; but they reared their heads as if callous to his beams. Snows, which had been accumulating, probably, from the day in which the first flake descended on them, after the ark had rested on Ararat, and would increase to that in which "the earth and all that is therein shall be burnt up," presented an impenetrable barrier. In the distance, however their immediate neighbourhood might chill, they were pleasing objects—grateful mementos of Him " who laid the foundations of the

world," and whom, through the riches of abounding and unmerited mercy, I was enabled to call "my God." O sweet, but humbling! humbling, but sweet, reflection!

"His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,
So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man?"

Beside me stood a row of spreading yew-trees, which some kind hand, long since mouldered into dust, had planted, to shed no baleful influence over the sleep of those they shaded. They grew in rich luxuriance; and often, on the Sabbath morn, had they lent their friendly covert to "the peasant waiting for the hour of prayer." Within their encircling, and tutelary,

branches stood the hallowed edifice. It was evidently the work of years long since gone by. Here, and there, the ivy was seen twining around it, as if it loved the place where the Divine honour dwelt, and would gladly have screened it from the heats of summer, and from the wintry winds. Its architecture, simple and unassuming, was of the Gothic order. No meretricious decorations—no costly ornaments—no needless pomp—bespoke it aught, but what it was—a rural temple, dedicated to the service of the living God—of Him, who, though "the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity," yet condescends to take up his abode in the humble and contrite heart. The scene is still fresh in my recollection, and memory fondly returns to visit it.

"Stand, holy Fane, like Truth, thy heavenly guest,
As ages roll along, unchanged and blest:
Present an aspect, solemn and sublime;
Lift thy lone spire, and wake thy tuneful chime;
While in thy courts, befitting well the place,
Dwells each grave air, and smiles each modest grace."

"Here," I said within myself, "has a Farel,* a Calvin, a Beza, spoken in his

* Amidst the literary fame, and pre-eminent talents, of his great coadjutors, the name of Farel is comparatively unknown. Their inferior, perhaps, in learning and abilities, he yet maintained a character for zeal and piety, which has seldom been exceeded. While engaged in the public exercises of devotion, it is related of him, that he seemed to be on the very precincts of heaven, and frequently imparted so much of his spirit to his auditory, that they were insensibly drawn up thither along with him.

To Farel is due the honour, speaking after the manner of men, of introducing the Reformation into Geneva. As this circumstance, with some other passages of his life, appears to have escaped the observation of the author of the "Evangelical Biography," the reader will, possibly, not be displeased to see them stated at length.

Going one morning to market, where many from town and country were assembled, he mounted upon a fisherman's stall, the only rostrum that was to be procured, and addressed the surrounding multitude. His ardour was great. Filled with his subject, he warned, he exhorted, he besought, he prayed. He pointed out to them the errors, and dangerous tendency, of Popery, invited them to shake off it's trammels, to lay aside the rudiments of the world, to turn unto the God who made and redeemed them, and to walk worthy of a Christian vocation.

Catching gradually a portion of his spirit, his hearers

Saviour's name! Within these sacred walls, snatched by their undaunted zeal from the

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after a time took him on their shoulders, and carried him to the church of the Magdalen, which stands in the lower quarter of the town, declaring that he *should* have a church to preach in. The doors, which had been shut by order of the priests on the first intimation of the tumult, were quickly broken open, and Farel ascended the pulpit, there to declaim with greater authority against the idolatries of Rome, and teach more explicitly the doctrines of the Cross.

From place to place, and with unwearied diligence, he ceased not to proclaim the welcome tidings, through persecutions, imprisonments, and deaths. No fatigue could overcome, no menaces alarm, him. Inflamed with a holy zeal, and animated with love to the perishing souls of men, he was ready at every call of humanity, not "counting his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy."

Yet, though so eminently useful, like his Master, he lived and died in poverty—"poor, but making many rich." It is noted in the archives of Geneva, that he once presented himself at the gates in a garb so deteriorated from use, that the Council voted him a new suit of clothes, in order that he might not be a source of ridicule to the enemies of the Reformation.

Before we leave this subject, it may not be irrelevant to notice a fact, which is but little known. Indeed, the

vain superstitions of Popery, have they proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. Here

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mistakes relative to it, arising, in the first instance, from malicious misrepresentation, seem to have been handed down from age to age, without being ever accurately scrutinized afterwards, and thus obtained a validity which they ill deserved. And here, the writer of this note must express his regret to be obliged to differ from the author of the "Evangelical Biography." It is well known, that Mr. Middleton visited Geneva for the purpose of procuring documents, relative to the peculiar circumstances connected with the lives of the eminent individuals, whose memoirs he subsequently published; but, at the same time, it *does* appear that several, which have been since brought to light, eluded his research, while others were presented to him, which were either forged or mutilated.

In his sketch of the life of Farel, Mr. M. makes no mention of his attending Servetus to the stake; and not only this, but in the memoir of Calvin, it is stated, that Farel was at Neufchatel, when that unhappy and deluded being suffered, and Calvin's letter to him on that occasion is given at length. If this letter, in the hand-writing of Calvin, really exists, it may perhaps furnish undeniable testimony against the arguments now to be adduced on the contrary side; and which, if substantiated, will not only add another to the many instances of Farel's piety and zeal, but will tend materially to rescue the memory of

has many a soul been melted by their entreaties—many a bosom glowed with grati-

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Calvin from the obloquy, with which too many have hitherto endeavoured to blacken it.

About three years ago, when the writer of this note was on the continent, an attempt was made by the editor of a periodical publication in Zurich, a man of avowed Socinian principles, anew to asperse and vilify the labours and character of the Genevan Reformer. He was answered by a gentleman in Bern, who was fully qualified both by talents and erudition, and accuracy of research, to do justice to his subject; and it is to his volume, which the writer saw in M.S. first composed in German, and subsequently translated into French by himself, that he is indebted for the interesting information he has acquired relative to the conduct of Calvin, on the ever-to-be lamented occasion alluded to.

First, Mr. de L. states, that he had lately met with a very old volume in the German language, in which Calvin's deportment and doctrines were discussed. He then adds the affirmation of the author, that he had a book beside him in which was a copy of Calvin's letter to Farel, on the night preceding the execution of Servetus. A translation of the letter is then given, in substance as follows:

"Dear Farel,—I have just returned from the council, where I used all my influence to have the punishment of Servetus commuted, but in vain. I am so much exhaust-

tude to God and them—many a drooping spirit been revived by exhortation from their

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ed, that it will be impossible for me to attend him either to-night or to-morrow. I commend the unhappy man, therefore, to thy unremitting care.

"Thy brother,

"CALVIN."

This letter was in Latin, which language, it is well known, the learned of that period generally used in writing.

If this be an authentic document, it will go far to exonerate him, from whose pen it came, from that reproach which the fate of Servetus will then have so unjustly cast upon him. In order to prove the fictitious nature of Calvin's letter to Farel, as given by Mr. Middleton, on which much of the validity or invalidity of the foregoing must rest, it is further alleged by Mr. de L. in his reply, that Farel not only attended Servetus to the stake, as we have already remarked, but that he actually passed the preceding night with him in his cell, which would have been utterly impossible had Farel been at Neufchatel, according to the address of the letter in question, as Servetus was condemned on the twenty-sixth of October, and suffered on the twenty-seventh.

The conduct of Farel, supposing our present statement correct, seems, on this melancholy occasion, to have been exemplary in the extreme. His first object was, to endeavour to prevail on Servetus to recall the sentiments

lips—and many a "mourner in Zion looked up," and beheld their "redemption drawing

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he had maintained, as the slightest retractation would have been accepted by the council, who conceived the success of the rising reformation to be closely connected, either with his punishment, or with a public disavowal of his former opinions, in case of a pardon being extended to him; and would gladly have embraced the lenient alternative. This, however, he soon found it in vain to press; and he then flew, as his only remaining refuge, to the mercy-seat, there to intercede for him with an angry God. Nor did he desist from supplicating on his behalf, until the unhappy being was enveloped in flames.

In the account of this transaction, as given by Mr. Middleton, no mention is made of any one having visited Servetus after his condemnation, except Calvin, in company with two of the magistrates; and that more as something casual, and at the request of the criminal, than as the godly counsellor of an offender under his awful circumstances. Whether the narrative, as we have related it, is more accordant with that deep spirit of piety, which, amidst some asperity of disposition, is universally admitted to have been the ruling principle of this extraordinary man, than the other as hitherto received, it is not difficult to determine.

It may be added, as affirmed by Mr. de L., that so far was Calvin from bearing any personal ill-will to Servetus, whom he at the same time opposed with all the energies

nigh!" And, within these consecrated precincts "sleeps in Jesus," many a saint turned by their instrumentality "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God!" O what a day of triumph will be the day of resurrection to the followers of the Lamb! But, can tongue paint it's horrors to him, who shall not have died "the death of the

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of his powerful mind, as the enemy of the truth, that he wrote to him at Lyons, after his escape from Vienne, conjuring him not to come to Geneva, as otherwise a prosecution would be unavoidable.

Indeed, the writer of this note cannot prevail upon himself to believe, that among all the pious ministers who were at that period assembled in Geneva, none should have been found, who would pass the night with a poor guilty sinner, doomed to appear on the morrow in the presence of his Judge—none, to accompany him to the place of execution—none, to bow his knees for him at a throne of grace—none, who would whisper in his ear to the very latest moment—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"—to the very latest moment, not one, who would warn, intreat, and pray!

He expired, without testifying any signs of repentance, but, at the same time, unhappy being! manifesting great dread of death.

righteous!" O sinner, sinner, wilt thou not be warned? Wilt thou run headlong on everlasting perdition? Will neither tears nor prayers check thy ruinous career? If not—

Upon the noiseless wing of time,
Away thy years unnoticed steal;
Nor carest thou—thou shalt reach a clime,
That to thy wonder shall reveal
The value of that desecrated rest,
Thou *must* lie down in, at thy God's behest.
Rest?—no; 'tis but the stillness of the tomb;
A fearful, wide, impenetrable gloom,
Wherein that form shall moulder; such the sleep
That no glad host, no minist'ring angels keep!

While I was occupied in meditations of this nature, a little girl came into the inclosure, and began to look with much earnestness apparently for something she had lost. I watched her in silence for a few minutes, and then in a familiar tone entered into conversation:

"Have you lost any thing, my little girl?" Without giving a direct answer to

my question, and with her eyes still intent on the ground, she replied;

"Have you found my halfpenny?"

"No; have you lost one?"

"Yes."

"When did you lose it?"

"This evening, a little while ago."

"How did that happen?"

"I was playing under the trees, and when I went home I found my halfpenny gone; and I 'm come back to look for it."

"Why, that's a sad affair to be sure; but you need not be in great distress about it."

"Oh, yes, I need, because I have only one or two more."

"Well, well; but perhaps I could repair your loss."

"Aye?"

"Could not I give you another instead of it?"

"I don't know."

"I think I could; let us see."

I here took out my purse, and calling her to me, put a few halfpence into her

hand. She thanked me, curtsied, and then, returning to the yew-tree, resumed her search for the one she had lost, which she seemed to regret as an old acquaintance; leaving me at liberty to consider her. My little companion appeared from her stature to be about five or six years old, perhaps between six and seven. Her countenance was intelligent, and her lively blue eye told me I was communing with one, whose understanding was beyond her age. Withal, she was decently dressed.

Having now, by my trifling gratuity, secured her attention and good will, I proceeded:

"Where do you live?"

"Just by the church, over the little river:" stooping down and pointing, she added, "yonder, beside the trees."

"Oh, that's your house, is it?"

"Yes."

"Are your father and mother alive?"

"My mother 's alive, but my father 's dead."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I have one little sister."

"How does your mother get her livelihood?"

"She works, and has besides something from the church."

"Oh, she lives pretty well, then?"

"Well enough."

"Does she work all day?"

"Yes."

"Does she never rest?"

"Oh, to be sure, she rests. She rests in the evening, and when we are at our meals, and at night when we go to bed."

"And what does she do in the evening, when she has finished her work? Does she read?"

"Yes."

"What?—the Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"Only sometimes?"

"On a Sunday, and perhaps sometimes on a week-day, when she has time."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Two years."

"It is an awful thing to die, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Was your father willing to die?"

"I believe he would have wished to live a little longer."

"Where is he gone, do you think?" To this question, which may appear rather direct, she replied without hesitation:

"To God." (*Vers le bon Dieu;* such were her words, and such is the French idiom, which does not permit our brevity in this expression.)

"Why do you think that?"

"Because he was a good man."

"Are you sure he was good?"

"O yes, quite sure."

"But did you never read in the Bible, that Jesus Christ said there was none good but God?"

"I believe I did read that one morning."

"Is your mother good?"

"My mother 's *very* good."

"But, do you remember, my love, what

Jesus Christ said; 'There is none good but one, that is, God?'"

Feeling this argument too forcible, my little antagonist became rather indignant, as if I was determined to bring her mother in guilty of high misdemeanors, and hastily rejoined, that she did not care for that; that her mother, she was sure, *was* a very good woman.

Not wishing, however, to quarrel with so agreeable and intelligent a companion, I gave a turn to the conversation:

"Do you know who Jesus Christ is?"

"The Son of God." *(Fils de Dieu.)*

"The Son of God; very well. But is he not God?"—My reason for this question will be evident to those who are acquainted with the melancholy departure, generally speaking, of the church of Geneva from the faith of her fathers.* I do not particularly

* On this subject the writer speaks from personal inquiry and observation. Lamentable, deeply lamentable as it is, it must not be denied, that the Church of Geneva is fallen

recollect the answer she returned; but I took occasion from it to enter upon the vital doctrines of the Gospel. Nor will it

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indeed! No; let it not be dissembled. It is in bitterness of soul these lines are penned; but, surely, it is better not to throw a veil over the melancholy truth, that "prayer may be made without ceasing" on her behalf. The writer has himself heard the most fearful blasphemies from the very lips of more than one of those who "hold the keys of knowledge" in that interesting Republic. No; let it not be dissembled—the glory is well nigh departed from her temples!

O Calvin! Couldst thou act thy part again
Among the mighty of the sons of men,
With what deep anguish would thy sainted ear
Catch the rude blasphemy that revels here!
O with what horror would thine eye survey
The glooms, that gather o'er thy cloudless way!
Thy sacred seats with other rites profan'd,
The altar levell'd, or its glories stain'd;
The cross derided as a solemn jest,
And Jesu's name unhallow'd and unblest!
—No; still repose thee on thy couch of peace,
Where all thy sufferings, all thy sorrows, cease;
Calm be the bed where thou in rest art laid!
Sleep on, sleep sweetly, dear dishonour'd shade!

be expected that, on this subject, the child should always be able to give a satisfactory reply, when thousands, who have sat for years under the most experienced Ministers, have been found so lamentably deficient, even, if we may use a technical term, in head-knowledge on the great truths of salvation. I now endeavoured, *with as much simplicity as possible*, to show her the necessity of applying individually the blood of Christ—Christ as very God and very man—by a true and living faith, in order to

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The melancholy scenes of profanation here alluded to, which the author witnessed, and which wrung from him the expression,

"The altar levelled, or its glories stained,"

forcibly recall to his mind the affecting circumstance related by Josephus—a circumstance, the truth of which would seem to be sufficiently attested.

"When the temple," says he, "had been profaned, and the abomination of desolation had stood in the holy place, there were heard, at midnight, voices, supposed to be of the guardian angels, crying, through the defiled and desolated shrines: 'Καταβαινώμεν ἐντεῦθεν!' 'Καταβαινώμεν ἐντεῦθεν!' 'Let us depart hence!' 'Let us depart hence!'

our acceptance with our offended Maker. Then, returning to her mother, I attempted to point out to her under what circumstances she could be considered a good woman—if her heart was renewed; if, instead of looking upon herself as *good*, she felt herself to be a *sinner*, and mourned over her iniquities, as having crucified her Saviour, "the Lord of glory,"—if, in fine, she "lived by the faith of the Son of God."

During this part of our colloquy, the little girl seemed to forget her halfpenny, and stood with her eyes fixed on me, listening attentively. When I had concluded, I again called her to me, and, giving her some other token of remembrance, said, in an affectionate manner; "Now, my dear child, I must leave you. Do not forget what I have told you; it is exceedingly important. If you rightly understand it, and believe with your little heart in sincerity on Jesus Christ, your soul will be saved in the dreadful day of judgment. Go home now, and let your mother know all we have

Advancing to within a few yards of me, he lifted his eyes and saw me. "Poor Matilda is dying! Ah, Satan, one soul, if only one, is beyond thy reach! Poor thing! I shall never see thee more, until that hour when we shall appear together at the bar of God! But, I can commend thee with confidence to Him, who "bore thy sins in his own body on the tree!" Thou wilt again be found where sin shall no more disturb, "and sorrowing and sighing shall flee away," as my joy and crown of rejoicing. Farewell, farewell, till we meet in 'the kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world!'"

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many an anxious look is turned by those, who desire "the rising again" of the once renowned, once happy Geneva! "Be thou faithful unto death."

END OF PART I.

EVENING WALK.

PART II.

"The voice of welcome, kind and new,
Fell on her heart like balmy dew:
It seemed to say, 'Poor wanderer! come,
A Father's house invites thee home:
Approach: his promised rest is sweet:
Cast down thy burthen at his feet.'"

WE now turned our steps homeward. Our hearts were full; and we walked for a considerable time in silence. At length, as we entered a lane, whose deep shade, so much in unison with our feelings, seemed to relieve us of, at least, a portion of the weight that oppressed us, and shut us out from the world, and almost from ourselves, I interrupted the meditations of my friend: "Matilda, I believe, is not a native of your canton."

"No," he replied with a sigh: "she comes from Neufchatel. Poor Matilda!"

"Are you acquainted with the particulars of her history?" I rejoined.

"Yes," he said; "and there is much in it, I think, which will interest and edify you. The narrative, indeed, will be mournful; but, if I am not mistaken, it will afford you pleasure, though of a melancholy kind. It may induce us, besides, to examine more minutely the way by which we have ourselves been led, while we trace, in the sad story of that poor wanderer, the tender mercy and long-suffering of our God. Multiplied as were her transgressions, there was still an 'eye over her for good;' and she was preserved, until finally made participant of the hopes and promises of the Gospel, as one of that 'remnant, which is according to the election of grace.'

"Matilda, as you are already aware, was born in another part of the Confederacy, and the child of parents who moved in the higher circles of society. Cradled under the anxious watchfulness of a fond,

but too indulgent, mother, who was early left a widow, she grew like a rose-bud, sheltered from every wind that blew. But, the tempest was too soon to break down the hedges that fenced her round about, and to beat with unpitying violence on her head!

"While she was yet in the days of her infancy and childhood, as she has frequently told me, when alluding to her sorrows and her crimes, she thought herself happy; but it was only that frivolity of character, and want of reflection, which so many mistake for happiness."

"Ah!" I replied, "there is sadness even in their mirth. The brightness of the countenance is, oftentimes, only like the sunbeam on the grave. Pleasure meets the eye; but, beneath, all is darkness and death. There is a pang at the heart, which their hilarity would vainly attempt to hide."

"It was thus," continued my companion, "with the unfortunate Matilda. She was without care, or at least she would have

hoped so, because she would not permit herself seriously to think. 'The end of all these things,' she endeavoured to conceal from her eyes. But her day-dream of light-heartedness was soon to be dissolved. Had she been still permitted to repose beneath it's shade, she might till this hour 'have slept the sleep of death.' O, my brother! how mysterious are the ways of God!"

"Mysterious truly!" I replied; "but how gracious towards the children of his love When he visits them, they are indifferent to his call. They hear his invitation; but it seems to them as 'a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice;' for they hear it, but obey it not. They are anxious, but it is for the things that perish—seeking happiness on earth, where it never yet was found. Such is the awful departure of man from the God who made him, that he has no desire after what is pleasing in his sight:

> "Each feeling centers in a world of woe,
> And lives immortal as it's hopes below."

"That Lord, however," my friend proceeded, "'whose compassions fail not,' did not allow her years to hold thus their even tenour. But, if the stream was interrupted, and the rocks over which its impetuous waters were impelled, were terrific and dismaying, it was only that their current might afterwards glide on without an unruffled wave, until they lost themselves in the peaceful ocean of eternity. How sweet it is to know the Lord! Matilda can now say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted!'

"She had nearly completed her twentieth year, when the acquaintance commenced, which proved to her so fruitful a source of sorrow. She had been invited to a ball at Monsieur de ——'s, and she went, little suspecting, that she was destined to leave that scene of festivity with an arrow in her bosom, or rather, I might say, with a dagger in her heart. Among the company was a nobleman, an officer in the Imperial Guards. He was young and handsome,

poured it's crimson beams into her chamber, as if willing to soothe her troubled spirits. She then hastily undressed, and again throwing herself on the bed, sunk into a disturbed slumber. O how often, the tears streaming along her cheeks, has she spoken to me of that distressing night! But, if she slumbered, it was only to meet Ernestus—one while, renewing the dance with him—again, listening to his sallies—now, hanging on his smile. If she awoke, it was still to be with him, leaning on his arm, and imbibing the insinuating poison that fascinated her heart.

"Towards noon she arose, and joined her mother. But, the smile of cheerfulness, with which she was wont to greet her affectionate parent, had vanished—and, alas! for ever. No more that highly-wrought description of the gaiety she had partaken, and the pleasure she had enjoyed. No longer her eye sparkled with the bright, but visionary, perspective of futurity—all was sadness and gloom. Dejection seemed to

be preying upon her mind; and if her mother ventured an inquiry, it was only to receive an answer, little befitting the duties she owed to so kind a friend, and still less in accordance with the precept, to honour the author of her being.

"The day was fine. It was that season which is more attractive, perhaps, among the valleys of Switzerland, than in any other climate of Europe—the beginning of May. The sun was shining with a genial warmth—the trees were already clothed with a verdant mantle—the birds were singing among their branches—and the lake extended in far, and waveless, expansion before the eye of Matilda. She threw up the window, and sat down to gaze on the enchanting scene. But, alas! it had lost it's charms. It's sweet serenity only served, by its contrast, to increase her mental perturbation. She took up a book that lay beside her. It was a volume of sonnets, which had just been brought from the library, whose amatory descrip-

tions were little calculated to quell the fire, that was already kindling in her bosom. It spoke of illicit pleasures as the end of existence, still heightening in voluptuousness of delineation—and I mention the circumstance, to point out the dangerous tendency of these seductive publications—until, as their unhappy victim expressed herself, Satan seemed to be moving through her heart, winding it's affections as he would."

"Ah!" said I, interrupting my friend in his narrative, "we may anticipate the issue. Once give the tempter an advantage by permitting the imagination to dwell on forbidden gratifications, and he will soon find opportunity to open the door to actual transgression. Unless we exercise humility and watchfulness, united with fervent supplication for Divine assistance, we have no reason to expect any interposition on our behalf. 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch. Watch, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation,' was the

warning of Him who 'knew what was in man.'

'O teach me in thy paths to go;
My shield and buckler be:
Fear to offend, my God! bestow,
And knit my heart to thee!'

"Yes," replied my companion, "and her fall is near. She continued to read, until in idea she had overthrown the last bulwark of virtue. All dread of consequences was discarded. The awful sanctions of the violated law of a just and holy God — the fearful retributions of eternity—all sunk in her estimation, in comparison of the transient, and self-corroding, 'pleasures of sin.' How true it is, that 'they are but for a season!'

"At this moment, Ernestus, walking arm in arm with an intimate acquaintance of Matilda's, who had offered to introduce him at the cottage of C., the residence of her family, approached the window. He bowed as he drew near, and Matilda

returned his salutation. He stopped to speak to her. Her cheek glowed deeper and deeper; and Ernestus was too well skilled in the art of seduction, not to be able to distinguish the blush of timidity or modest affection, from the crimson of those feelings which are on the threshold of crime. It would appear, that from that instant he formed his diabolical purpose, and immediately commenced the prosecution of it, with assured prospects of success.

"They had not long conversed together, when the unhappy girl asked him if he would not walk in, requesting her friend at the same time, to show him the way. From this period, so adroitly did he follow up his advantage, his intimacy at the cottage daily increased, and but a short interval had elapsed when he became almost an inmate in the family. Doubtless, Matilda's mother was much to blame; though there were many circumstances which combined to lull her fears asleep. Ernestus, as yet, made honourable pro-

fessions; and if he was superior in rank to her daughter, she felt that her own lineage was by no means such as could form any real ground of objection to a union between him and her daughter. She had heard, also, through various channels, which Ernestus had taken care to supply with all necessary intelligence, so as that they might most effectually, though unintentionally, abet his nefarious designs, that he was tenderly attached to Matilda, and hoped soon to lead her to the altar.

"In this way matters had proceeded for nearly two months, when Ernestus one evening proposed a walk. The day had been sultry; but the heat of the atmosphere was now attempered by a gentle breeze from the water. Though the sun had set, he had gone down amidst a thick array of clouds which had received his departing glories, and still retained the deep tinge of vermilion with which his last smile had imbued them, as he sunk behind the hill.

The site of the house, and of the grounds about it, was also exceedingly beautiful, and well adapted to inspire and cherish other thoughts and emotions, than those which harboured in the bosom of Ernestus.

"Upon the banks of the lake, where the receding of the land forms a kind of small bay, the mansion, once the abode of Matilda, stood. It was built upon an eminence, and commanded a distant view of the circumjacent country and water. Embosomed in trees that shut it out, as it were, from the noisy world, you would have supposed it a place where piety might dwell, and feed herself, without interruption from the busy cares of men, with that food which endureth to life eternal."

"You have visited the spot, probably, from your accurate description of it," I said to my companion.

"Yes," he replied; "but it is now much altered, unless subsequently put in order. Poor Matilda, who has a poetic turn of mind, has occasionally described it's

former beauties to me, though in more glowing colours, nearly as I have related. She gave me, indeed, one evening a copy of verses—'a reminiscence of other days,'—which have considerable merit, and which I shall show you when we reach home.* Those scenes appear to have left a vivid impression upon her heart; and well they might, for even in decay they were lovely. But to proceed with my melancholy narrative.

"Between the house and the lake was a shrubbery, interspersed with tall and spreading trees. Through this winded a path, conducting to an arbour, situated by the water-side, and so constructed as to permit a distant view of those who approached. This was the fatal spot. Here it was that poor Matilda was prevailed upon to part with a gem which, once gone, is irretrievably lost; for,

* For the gratification of the reader, a translation of these lines is subjoined.

though divine grace may restore the wanderer, the cloud that hangs over dishonoured chastity can never be dispersed, till the contaminated casket returns to corruption, and loses there it's being and it's stains.

"The moon that night, she told me, was at the full; and even to this hour, when she looks at that peaceful luminary, walking in brightness through heaven, her eyes overflow at the sad recollections that recur. It shone without a cloud upon that scene of remorseless villainy and horror. Ernestus was seated in the window: she was beside him on a garden chair. He pleaded in the most impassioned language—vowed inviolable attachment, and dissembled a passion, which he did not, and which his depraved heart *could not*, feel. Matilda listened"—

"Listened!" I exclaimed with agitation, as if forgetting at the instant that I already knew the worst—"then she is lost!

"'Oh! for a moment's pause to think—
To breathe—to gasp—on ruin's brink!'"

"Matilda listened—believed—"

"'Wild on her throbbing bosom, as the knell
Of peace and hope, his last false accents fell.'

"Believed—and was undone?"

"Not *undone*, my friend," I said, while he rested on the word, and lifted his eyes, as if in prayer—"not *undone!*"

"You are right," he replied: "she was the victim of seduction, but, through the infinite mercy of our God, was not eternally undone.

"For a few weeks he became increasingly assiduous in his visits, while the mother of the unfortunate girl, still unaware that her garment of divers colours was rent,* fondly flattered herself that she would soon see her united to him she loved. In process of time, however, he began to

* 2 Sam. xiii. 18, 19.

absent himself: his visits gradually became less and less frequent, and the shame of Matilda could now no longer be concealed. At this period, Ernestus was ordered to join his regiment, and he consented, moved by her intreaties, to take her under his protection. But the flower was rifled—it's loveliness was faded —possession had bereft it of it's value in his sight—and he, ere long, threw it away!"

"As was to be expected," I remarked; "such is almost always the termination of an illicit connexion. The unhappy victims of artifice woefully deceive themselves in the hope, that after they have parted with the chastity a husband would most esteem, they have then a better prospect of attaining the situation they desire, that of a beloved and respected wife. O how soon, and how bitterly the delusion vanishes, leaving them in all the anguish of blighted anticipation, or with, what is yet more deplorable, a conscience seared and

callous to every call of duty—to every hope in life, and every fear in death."

"It was now," resumed my companion, "that poor Matilda began to feel all the horrors of her situation. The slender store of money she had taken with her from home, even when added to that which her base betrayer remitted her, with his last cold farewell letter, could not long maintain her, with the additional burthen of the babe to which she soon expected to give birth. O what must she not have suffered in that hour of distress! At the end of a few weeks, being unable to pay her lodging, the greatest part of her little all having been stolen from her by one of the profligate creatures, with whom she had associated herself when abandoned by her seducer, she was driven, just on the eve of her confinement, into the street; and that very night, in some wretched hovel, where, shivering and famished, she had sought shelter from the wind and rain, her unfortunate infant was

brought into a world of sorrow. 'Born to trouble,' and, in a double sense, 'conceived in sin,' it was doomed to drink it's little cup in bitterness, and to feel, during it's brief span, that it was a descendant of him, whose transgression has entailed so awful a curse on his posterity."

"How striking an argument," I observed, "that we are 'by nature children of wrath.' Poor babe! what had *it* done that it should thus be a sufferer? But, by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all,'—all the children of Adam in him*—'have sinned'. Thus, 'through the offence of one, many are dead, for the judgment was by one to condemnation; and by one man's disobedience, many are made sinners.' Mysterious truth! But, ever blessed be God! he has not left us thus to perish without resource. If 'by one man's offence death reigned

* Ἐφ' ᾧ πάντες ἥμαρτον,—Rom. v. 12.

by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ'.—But I have interrupted the thread of your story."

"Matilda, however," my friend continued, "in the midst of all her wretchedness, had still some sense of decency remaining. She loathed the thought, and well poor thing! she might, of becoming a common outcast among men. She therefore, and in this respect gladly, as an escape from a greater evil (though in the sight of God, doubtless, the crime was not extenuated) accepted the offers of a captain in the Russian service, who was on his parole in Paris, as a prisoner of war at the time. After some months, however, he was detected in an attempt to escape; and it being proved that Matilda was to have aided him, they were both thrown into a dungeon, where the unfortunate Russian, as it was alleged, from poison soon after breathed his last.

"Here the brutal keepers permitted the corpse to lie, until it became putrid, totally unmoved by the prayers and tears of the unfortunate Matilda, who begged them at least to let her expire in some other place. But want and suffering, combined with the effluvia from the body, soon brought on a fever, and she was carried out, with her infant still hanging on her parched breast, to die. There she lay, and would certainly have perished ere the morning sun rose on her, and gone, with all her sins unpardoned on her head, to judgment, had there not been an eye to pity her! Going down to the grave she did indeed appear to be, and the jaws of hell seemed waiting to consign her to endless torment; but the stroke was stayed in mercy.

"It happened, or rather, I should say, it was most providentially ordered, that a soldier, a good Samaritan, passed that way. He saw Matilda and her child, and approaching, examined them, in order to as-

certain if there were any signs of life. Finding that the vital spark was not yet extinct, he procured assistance, and had them conveyed to his own house. Through his care, and that of his wife and children, she and her infant gradually recovered, and, after a month or six weeks, were again obliged to go on the wide world, their kind protector being no longer able to afford them shelter, having already a numerous family of his own. Agreeably to his advice, Matilda determined to revisit the place of her nativity, and to implore an asylum from any of her kindred who might be still living in the neighbourhood. Whether there were any or not, she was doubtful; and indeed it has since appeared, that, after her misconduct, they had removed to another part of the Confederacy, her mother having died in the meantime, as it was said, of a broken heart. Her only brother, who had inherited what fortune belonged to the family, was then serving with Buonaparte in his Russian campaign,

from which he never returned, having fallen, with many a brave man who merited a better fate, a victim to the mad ambition of the usurper. Thus, in the simple but beautiful similitude of the inspired penman, was poor Matilda 'as a bird that wandereth from her nest.' She had left the home of her father—and now, once again, was she going to seek protection, if it were haply to be found, amongst those from whom she had so causelessly withdrawn. The Lord, however, had other things in reserve for her —even 'the everlasting covenant—the sure mercies of David.'

"As soon, therefore, as her strength was sufficiently recruited to undertake the journey, she quitted Paris, and slowly proceeded towards home. The distress she endured by the way was almost more than human nature could bear; and she has frequently expressed to me her astonishment that she did not either put a period to her sufferings by suicide, or die

from hunger, and cold, and fatigue. 'But,' said she, her eye glistening through her tears, 'my Lord sent his angel to guide me to this haven of peace. Here have I been fed in green pastures, and have drunk of the still waters beside which he leads his flock. I, even I, the vilest of the vile, am gathered with his arms, and carried in his bosom. Though my flesh and my heart are failing, he will restore me hereafter to the vigour and beauty of immortal youth, and I shall dwell in his presence for evermore!'

"Often lying out, without aught to cover her from the inclemency of a winter-sky; worn down by famine and with nothing to satisfy the cravings of nature, but the cress she gathered from the brooks: without a shoe to her bleeding feet; and with an infant on her breast, already beginning to pine away"—such was the brief narrative she gave me of her journey to Chalons sur Saône. This was not the direct route to Neufchatel, but

she preferred it, as affording a prospect, which in the event was in some degree realized, of travelling by water. From Chalons she was permitted, through the kindness of the proprietor, to descend to Lyons in the *côche d'eau*,* free of expense; and having received a few francs from a lady who was on board, she lost no time in setting out for Geneva, whence she intended to continue her route to her native place.

"A trial of another description was now to be her lot. She had attained the height from whence our lake first becomes visible, as you approach the canton from France: here she sat down and wept. The landscape before her reminded her of earlier and happier days: it recalled to her recollection the scenes of her nativity, and those waters whose borders had witnessed the beginning of her

* The 'côche d'eau' is a species of canal-boat, but generally of stronger make.

crimes and afflictions. That deed of darkness, with its accompanying emotions, and all its attendant horrors, repassed in hurried succession through her mind. At length, unable to restrain herself, she burst into tears again and again, cursing, in the bitterness of an unrenewed heart, the hour she was brought forth in, and the monster who had filled to the brim her cup of woe."

"How much," I remarked, "does the whole colour of our lives seem to be dependant on the occurrences of a moment! Had she never erred, she would, probably, have remained the gay votary of fashion and dissipation. But all is superintended, no doubt, and overruled for good to the vessels of mercy; yet it has often forcibly struck me, how much a grain in the balance appears to influence not only our temporal, but our eternal state. Under such circumstances, how sweet is the injunction, 'Cast *all* your care on him.' Had Matilda known at

that period, when her sorrows, to a human eye, had reached their consummation, 'the weight of glory which they were eventually to work for her,' how would her 'mouth have been filled with laughter, and her tongue with singing!' But the thick darkness of sin and ignorance was still before her eyes, and she could only discern enough to render the glooms that enveloped her, more fearful and dismaying.

"There is something peculiarly affecting in the review of her emotions at this season. The feelings, which had been stupified by a long course of vice and misery, seemed to be roused from their torpor to the reminiscences of youth, and of, at least, *comparative* innocence and happiness. I have somewhere met with a passage, which, if I am not mistaken, delineates, with considerable accuracy, the sensations which we may suppose to have rolled through her heart on that occasion:

'Departed hours! as Memory fondly pores
Along your page with retrospective ken,
And wanders back midst childhood's happy hours,
Far from the more observant eye of men—
It seems to woo you from a death-like sleep,
Where, shrouded in the sepulchre of years,
Oblivion pillows you—Oh! I would steep
In Lethean draught, methinks, an age of tears,
And be the happy being that I was,
As careless and as innocent—but, oh!
It wisely is forbidden man to pause
Amidst this earthly pilgrimage of woe—
He journeys on:—yet, through Hopes's fading light,
Life's earlier pleasures rise more fair and bright.'

"These lines, I think, are pretty, and mournfully affecting; but they are manifestly erroneous in the sentiments they inculcate. Here, as always, where the Wisdom from on high—the spirit of the gospel, does not guide the pen, we find the emotions of regret in after-life, when the soul has sickened in the still-delusive endeavour to erect a solid and lasting fabric of happiness on earth, blended with

the idea that infancy and childhood were innocent and free from care.

" Now, if I may express an opinion on this subject, the view here taken of it is as false and dangerous, as it is illusory. In the first place, if we are to consider the infant *really happier* than those who have attained maturity of years and understanding, let the argument have it's full force, and be carried to the extent to which it may, without logical deviation, be pushed, and you will make *man*, the rational being, less happy than the brutes that perish; for thus it will stand: *the man* is less happy than *the child*, because he has more capability of knowing his true situation, a more matured understanding, deeper capacity for reflection, more acute feelings, &c.; but *the child*, little as it possesses of these faculties, has yet more than *the brute*, which has neither feelings nor reflection, consequently, if the child, for the reason stated, be happier than the man, the brute, for the same reason, will

be happier than the child; and we shall be left with a demonstration *à fortiori*, that the beast of the field is happier than he who was created in the likeness and image of God. But the fact is otherwise. Let any intelligent observer of children give you his opinion, and you will hear the confession, that the breast of a child is, though they may perhaps be more immature, as much the seat of all those evil passions, which sin has introduced into the world, and which lie at the root of true happiness, like the worm at the root of Jonah's gourd, gnawing and withering its vitals, as the bosom of one of riper years. But without *reflection*, of which the child is almost incapable, there can be no substantial happiness; nor can there be *any* happiness but that which rests on the foundation of the *Rock of Ages*, which can alone sustain its weight. On this, Faith may lean, and build, and build, until the beauteous superstructure towers beyond the narrow and troubled limits of time,

and enters the unclouded regions of immortality: until, ascending from earth, and, passing by the stars of God, she views herself the partner of the throne of Him, who liveth for ever and ever* —of Him who, having loved her with an everlasting love, gave Himself for her as a Lamb without blemish and without spot, that he might redeem her from the power of the grave, exalt her to the presence of his glory, and satisfy her with the river of his pleasures—with joys for evermore!

"It is the *Christian*, then, and the Christian *only*, that is happy. If, like the Baptist, the infant be filled with the Holy Ghost, it will be *happy*, and happier as its faculties develope, advancing from infancy to childhood—from childhood to maturity—from maturity to hoar hairs, blessed and a blessing in it's day and generation; increasing in age and wisdom, and in favour with God and man.

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* Rev. iii. 21.

But, without that 'grace, which bringeth salvation,' it is not the *unthinkingness* of childhood, much less its *innocence*, that will render it happy; and even were life protracted to the extremity of years, if the heart be still a stranger to the voice of heavenly love, I need not say how wretched, how miserable, is the friend of the world, though surrounded with all the honours and affluence the master he serves can bestow!"

"True," said my companion. "The mistakes on this subject are frequent, and not less frequent than dangerous. They arise, evidently, from an unacquaintance with that awful truth; 'We are by nature children of wrath'—'dead in trespasses and sins.' Until this is once received in the soul, and humbly though cordially acquiesced in, every thing connected with our views of religion, and the means of escaping from that anger which weighs upon us, I would almost say, as the dreadful privilege of being born of woman,

must wear a shade of that darkness consequent on our descent from the first transgressor.—But to conclude the story of our poor wanderer's sufferings.

" While she sat gazing, as I have related, on the blue waters of our lake, her eyes filled fast with tears, which, as they fell, bedewed the face of her infant. The babe, at this interesting moment, was sleeping upon her lap; but awoke, as she conjectured, by the frequent falling of her tears, it looked up at her, and smiled. 'Poor babe,' she said to it, 'what hast thou not endured through thy mother's crimes! But, O call not for imprecations on her guilty head! Sweet infant, thou hast been some consolation to me amidst all my sorrows, and art now the only tie that holds me to a miserable existence. My poor babe! Do not, O do not curse the wretched author of thy woes!'—At this instant, while she was fixedly gazing at it, it changed colour, and shivered as from cold. She pressed it to her bosom;

but, alas! there was no vital warmth there. She then placed it on her lap again, and watched it's altering features, where famine was depicted, and sickness and suffering. Again it shivered—smiled again, as if to express its forgiveness; and with a little sigh, as in pity of it's unhappy parent, expired.

"Strange as it may seem, this was a shock to the nerves of Matilda, conversant as she had been with distress, which completely overpowered her, and for a season almost bereft her of reason. She shrieked—she wept—she laughed. She tore her hair, which she had still preserved, and which was now hanging dishevelled about her shoulders—she beat her breast—she kissed her babe—shouted to awake it—and wondered it would not revive. Again she placed it on that bosom where it had so often fed, and wept because it would not receive the nourishment she could no longer have supplied. She then wrapped it up in her tattered cloak,

and laying it once more on her lap, uncovered it's lifeless visage, and gazed on it without sense or motion.

"How long she might have remained in this situation is uncertain—perhaps until she had become as inanimate as the poor infant she beheld; but towards mid-day, a waggoner with his team passed by. Matilda, I should have remarked, had retired a little from the road-side, to a spot which she thought more secluded from observation; and had it not been over-ruled by an especial Providence, there was no human probability that her retreat would ever have been discovered, as the place is peculiarly wild and dreary. It was so ordered, however, that one of his horses was taken ill on the summit of the mountain where Matilda had first stopped; and as it was unable to proceed further, it appeared adviseable to him to look for some sheltered spot where he might leave it, until remedies could be procured. The place to which he was

directed, was that where Matilda sat. The waggoner, a kind-hearted Swiss, started when he saw her; and, actuated by a portion of that idle superstition which still inhabits our mountains, and conceiving her to be a spirit, cried out for fear. His shriek aroused Matilda. She lifted her eyes, still wet with tears, and rising, and going up to him while he stood motionless with terror, said;

"'I was a mother, and this was once my child, but it is now dead. Will you take it, and entomb it with Christian rites? I will wait here till you come again, and tell me that you have given it a decent grave.'

"'But,' replied the peasant, beginning to recover himself a little, 'I cannot let you remain here. You will perish on these cold hills, and you look ill, and perhaps are hungry. Come along with me. My wife lives in the next village, and we will give you shelter until this storm, which is gathering over the Jura, has passed. You shall then go in peace.'

"'No,' said Matilda, 'I am not unaccustomed either to wind or rain, and this poor infant has borne with me many a piercing blast; but it has fallen into a sleep so deep, that, methinks, it will wake no more.' Here she stopped, and wept, while the sympathizing peasant mingled his tears with her's. After a little, she continued—'I will stay here. I am unworthy of the charities of humanity—far too unworthy to enter under your roof. Take my babe with you: I can play with it no more. It was once a comfort to me, but it has gone to rest, and will never awake—never smile on me again. When you have buried it, come back and tell me; and I will lay me down and die where it died. Then, I shall only want a grave. You will perhaps grant me one, for I have no other friendly hand to plant a flower to mark where I repose. I would wish to be laid beside my baby—one little grave would hold us both.' Again she wept; and again the kind stranger mingled his tears with her's.

"The peasant, however, insisted on her accompanying him, alleging that, if he left her, her blood would be upon his head. He then placed her in his waggon, and put the little corpse beside her. In an hour or two they reached the hamlet: it is the first you meet with before you begin the second ascent: you will recollect it. The waggoner lived, (for I believe he is since dead), in the farthest house on your right, as you go towards Lyons.

"Beneath this humble, but hospitable roof, Matilda resided several weeks; and through the kindness of her host and hostess, and a mind in some degree relieved from its burthen, wonderfully recovered her looks—so much so, that I have been informed, that she was still a handsome and interesting young woman, when she first arrived in our town. But this quiet secluded life did not accord with the habits she had contracted; and, contrary to the intreaties of her newly-acquired protectors, who would have adopted her as

their child, she came to Geneva. Here, without friends, or any means of gaining an honest livelihood, she again became a prey to vice, and, ere long, loathsome to herself and others, was admitted into the hospital. From this, after a season, she was discharged as incurable, though in a measure restored to health. Her situation was now, if possible, more deplorable than ever. Unable to procure a morsel of bread by any lawful calling, or even to obtain a miserable dole from the ways of iniquity, she was reduced to the utmost extremity of want, wretchedness, and despair. But, the Lord's time had at length arrived. In astonishing mercy had she indeed been preserved to this hour; and now, when forming the fearful resolution of ending her temporal miseries by plunging headlong into the gulph of everlasting woe, her Redeemer spoke to her, and said; 'Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.'

"I was walking late one evening on the

banks of the lake, when I heard a voice from the copse-wood beside me;—'It is enough—I will—I will. This night shall terminate my sorrows.' In a state of extreme agitation, I approached the spot whence the sound proceeded, and looking through an opening of the trees, I perceived a person in female attire, sitting on the ground, with her head reclined upon her knees. Beside her lay an old knife, which seemed to have been lately sharpened at the point, as it glittered on my sight in a ray that fell on it from the moon, emerging at the moment from behind a cloud. In breathless anxiety I stood, and gazed upon the pitiable object before me. 'O wretch that I am!' she cried; 'Would that I had never been born! Was it for this hour that I was nursed with such tender anxiety—watched by a mother's delighted eyes? O my mother! my mother! Why didst thou bring me forth? Why didst thou not kill me ere I saw the light, and make the womb my grave? O poor Matilda! No voice of

kindness will ever reach thine ear again! Unhappy being that I am!'

"While I listened to her wild incoherent ravings, (for she said much more than I can remember), my limbs shook under me, and, like the patriarch when he discovered the artifice of his son, I trembled very exceedingly. What course to adopt I knew not; and yet, if I permitted her to remain there, ere the morning dawned she would be—where? what tongue may tell? What had fallen from her own lips, however, was a guide to me, and suggested the mode of proceeding which I adopted.

"'No, poor Matilda!' I said to her in a tender expostulating tone; 'thou art not such an outcast, so friendless, as thou thinkest.' This attracted her attention, which was what I wished to do, without awakening her apprehensions. She slowly raised her head, and turned round to see who addressed her. I continued; 'Poor girl! I will be father and mother to you: fear not.'

"'Will you?' She calmly answered. 'No, no: I expect no such kindness on earth.'

"Advancing towards her with as tranquil a step as I could, I replied, 'Do not say so: try me, and you shall know whether I deceive you. Come to my house, in the mean time. Night is approaching, and the dews will soon be falling heavily.'

"'I have often felt them,' she continued in the same unimpassioned tone, 'cold beneath these feet; and I need not be afraid of them now.'

"'Not unnecessarily to lengthen my story, I may briefly add, that I at last prevailed on her to accompany me home, and a few days after she was admitted into the Asylum. With the sequel you are already acquainted. Her health gradually declined, and I had many hours of uneasiness on her account, for she long resisted the offers of pardon which I tendered to her as the minister of Jesus. I saw her hastening to the grave. Disease was making silent, but sure progress. I wept over her, and

I prayed. The hour arrived. The Saviour appeared to her, and she heard the voice of pardon—'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!'"*

As my friend concluded his affecting narrative, we attained the summit of the hill that overlooks his happy dwelling. Night was already beginning to draw her curtains around the world. The sun had long sunk behind the Jura, and only a faint vermilion tinge remained in the clouds that rested on it, to tell us that another day was irrevocably passed. That day, we humbly trusted, had not been spent in vain; and though it's duties had left a shade of melancholy on our hearts, the recollection that we had done, if it were but a little for the promoting of His glory whom we served, more than overpaid us for any painful feeling, that might have attended it's discharge.

The lake slept beneath us, dimly reflect-

* In a few days after, we received an account of her peaceful departure.

ing the last tinge of crimson on the adverse mountain. Not a sound reached us from it's blue expanse: not a wave undulated on it's surface, except from the distant and solitary oar of the fisherman returning from his toil.

Sweet Leman's lake, I love thy waters well!
Oft, slowly winding by the banks at eve,
I've felt it dear to meditate on things
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor yet
Hath heart conceived. Oh! there was something breathed
Along my mind—so still, so soft—it seemed
As some kind spirit through the night-breeze sigh'd,
And told of all the Saviour for his own
Had done—to rescue from a fallen world,
And bring them to his rest. Time, then, and sense
Were lost amid the calm that slept around.
Silence his mantle o'er the hills had thrown,
And, save the rippling on the pebbly strand,
Waked by caresses from thy light-blue wave,
Or distant curfew,* not a sound was heard,
To check my soaring spirit, or call down
Her wings from heaven. Remembrance, grateful still!

* Though the term 'curfew' is, strictly speaking, peculiar to our language, yet it may perhaps be not inappropriately used for the 'cloche du soir,' which is heard about the same hour in Switzerland.

EVENING WALK.

PART III.

"E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear!
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year!"

How sweet is the reflection, that the Most High orders our goings! Though we may at the moment think that 'there is no profit in our walk,' and though we may, perhaps, go down to the grave without seeing the fruit of our endeavours, yet it is not to be doubted that, done in simplicity of intention, imperfect and polluted as it is, 'our labour will not be in vain in the Lord.'

Month after month had rolled away, and the scenes I have attempted to describe were beginning to fade in my recollection, when they were recalled by a circumstance which gave them an increasing interest, and

which could not fail to move a heart obdurate even as mine.

The evening had shut in coldly. The winds were sweeping through the leafless trees that grew before my window, and the rain was heard falling fast at intervals. Winter was advancing. Already was I turning my wishes towards the milder climates of Italy, where I was soon about to seek a retreat from the inclemency of Alpine solitudes.* I was sitting alone in my apartment beside a cheerful fire, thinking, it may be, on those who were near and dear to me; from whom I was so far, and ere long to be farther, removed. Perhaps, too, a prayer was ascending for a blessing on them and on myself: on them, that they might glorify their Lord among friends

* This must be understood generally. The climate in the immediate vicinity of the Lake of Geneva, during seven months of the year, is perhaps the finest in Europe; and even in the depth of winter, the air is, for the most part, mild and salubrious.

and kindred; on myself, that whithersoever my steps should be directed his hand might lead me, and his right hand uphold me. The door opened, and a Swiss lady of my acquaintance entered, and abruptly accosted me:

"Mr. ——, do you remember meeting a little girl in a churchyard some miles distant, towards the end of last summer?"

"Yes," I answered with surprise and alarm; "why?"

"Had you any conversation with her?"

"I believe I had."

"Well, what you said was made instrumental to the conversion of her mother."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed, while the tears rushed involuntarily to my eyes.

On inquiry, I found that the child had not forgotten my injunction. Going home immediately, she had related to her mother what had passed between us, noticing particularly, as it appeared, my request that she would read the Bible. She did so, and the Spirit sent it to her with power.

After a reason, she began to feel a desire to converse with some serious person; and it was so ordered, that she should meet with a pious woman, who kept a little school in the neighbourhood, and whom I had visited once or twice. From her, the lady alluded to heard the circumstance, and communicated it to me as I have mentioned. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name," be all the praise! Amen and Amen.

A REMINISCENCE

OF

EARLY DAYS.

Oh! if these lips in faithfulness would tell
What those thoughts say, which lie enshrined below
The heavings that this bosom wildly swell—
Methinks, they 'd utter a strange tale of woe!

Dear gentle scenes! How fondly I retrace
Your varied beauties—for your beauties dwell
With me, so lovely, and remember'd well,
In far appurtenance of time and place,
Amid the glooms that darken round my sky,
And wake so many a tear in poor Matilda's eye!

Scenes of my infancy! How sweet ye seem
With all your little joys, and hopes, and fears,
In the deep shade of retrospective years!
O 'twas a soothing, though a short-liv'd dream!
And Memory finds it, still, a pleasing-painful theme.

Then Fancy smiled to see the board she spread,
Childhood's bright halo playing round her head:
An air-built thing! a fantasy that fled---
Dear, though delusive! Ne'er again, I trow,
To weave a chaplet for this faded brow.

—But, hush!—I hear a whisper. 'Tis of hours,
Which pass'd on light wings through life's vernal bowers,
And found, and left, me happy. But no more,
Scenes of my childhood! Shall your fragrant flowers
For me be fresh again? Such hopes are gone, and o'er!

How oft my foot tripp'd gaily, in that spring
Of giddy joy, along your hills of green!
How oft would loiter by the dells between,
While I would stretch, and gaze far down, and cling
To th' wild-wood branches in the clefts that grew
Of some high rock; where bird of every wing,
The dove, and raven, and the lonely mew,
Had made their nests. 'Twas sweet to hear their voice
Discordant, wheeling as they round me flew,
Calling aloud, as if they would alarm
The bold intruder with their jarring noise,
And make me fearful of th' approach of harm!

Do I forget it? Not so soon, I ween!
For never, since that hour, these eyes have seen
Sights so enchanting---half so fair to view:
Still, still unchang'd---and yet for ever new!

Then, O how warmly would the noon-breeze breathe,
Wafting the incense of the flowers below!
For many a flower in that recess did blow;
And many an odour furnish'd for the wreath,
I used to twine.

What time I hung,
Pleas'd, o'er the dark dell where the linnet sung;
O, it was sweet to think how soon
It's shades would deepen in the rising moon!
And I be left in solitude---afraid
Of every gale that wander'd down the glade,
And murmur'd as it went---as it would tell
The guardian-spirit of the dell,
While on his gentle watch he stray'd,
"A stranger's foot was there: but he might dwell
In peace---for it was one that lov'd him well."

Years of my childhood, hail! How oft with you
I've traced the landscape, when the early dew
Was bright upon the hills around,
That echoed to my steps' quick sound!
Ah! then your vernal joys and fears
In freshness bloom'd amid my tears;

For tears of infancy are shed,
Like summer-showers on evening's bed---
Past, and away upon the swift-wing'd cloud,
That swathed them in it's evanescent shroud.

Years of my childhood!---for it still is dear
Thus to review you through life's mad career,
From that blest thoughtfulness I dwell in, here:
Years of my childhood! O how oft I ran,
Ere yet my sorrows with my crimes began,
With heart as light as was the fawn's that trod,
Gamboling round me, o'er the thyme-clad sod;
Eager to touch the rainbow's beauteous span
That arch'd the dark romantic scene,
Symbol of mercy to rebellious man!*
Upon the cloud that roll'd between
The lofty headlands of that wild ravine!

Not then, Matilda had been taught to know,
---Since, an apt learner in the school of woe---
How deep the cup of wretchedness below!

O, it is deep indeed! and hard to bless,
It were, the hand that gave it: yet my soul
Would bow, though 'twere in very bitterness,
And drain it—drain it to the dregs!

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* Gen. ix. 16.

The shoal,
Whereon I struck, was fair to gaze at, while
Fancy yet hover'd o'er it with a smile,
And breathed th' ideal somethings, that beguile
The fond imaginings of youth's light breast.
But when the tide rose high, and o'er the deep
Heard was the tempest fearfully to sweep,
The fairy islet sunk, and sunk, unblest---
Amid no waves of quietude and rest.

It sunk: I saw it not; nor knew
My danger. On my shallop flew,
With streamers floating in the woe-fraught gale,
That sung it's sad dirge through my silken sail.
It struck---then, well, too well, I learn'd the cost
Of peace, unvalued---until all was lost!

But, was it *Peace?* Alas! a flower
It was, whose softness of perfume
Would win thee to admire it's bloom;
Yet it was clothed with fatal power;
And fair as 'twas to see, and sweet it's breath---
It rose, and blossom'd, in the shades of Death---
Eternal death! For that Redeeming hand,
Whose skill, alone, could train it to expand
In heavenly gentleness, not yet had thrown
Around it's bed the amaranthine zone
Of faith, and hope, and pardoning love:
Such love, as only can the Soul invest
With robes befitting her immortal rest,
And raise her to the realms above!

Scenes of my infancy! Ye have a voice
  Of melody, and might revive a heart
  Less sad and sore than mine; the torturing smart
Of sins and sorrows past forbids me to rejoice;
  Save in the prospect, that, with full delight,
Mingling in chorus with the ransom'd throng,
  I, even I, shall touch my harp so bright,
And wake the blissful strains of that new song
  Of endless pleasures---and as sweet as long!

Scenes of my childhood! May each thought of you
  Breathe through my breast of mercies, round my path
That crowd, and warm it's gratitude anew---
  Of pardon---peace---deliverance from wrath---
And hope of heaven---a hope so strangely true,
'Midst all these horrors rising dark to view!

Yes! Hope is seen, they tell me, in the sky,
O'er that calm haven where my bark will lie,
When I have gain'd the port where I would be;
  To tempt no more the wild-winds, or the deep.
Scenes of my childhood! Ye are dear to me:
  When I remember you, 'tis sweet to weep!

And, now, a long and sorrowful farewell!
While Memory lasts, methinks, this heart will swell,
And oft, in tender reminiscence, dwell
Around your loveliness:---farewell, farewell! M. G.

FINIS.

A Visit to the House of Mourning.

Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate:
Soon, not surprising, Death the summons brought:
Her thoughts went forth to meet him on the way.

Night Thoughts.

A joy there is—a heavenly joy,
From hallow'd grief that flows:
Almost 'tis pure—with scarce th' alloy
That blends with *human* woes.—*Anon.*

A VISIT

TO

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

"If there is happiness below,
In such a home she's shrined:
The human heart can scarcely know
Enjoyment more refined,
Than where that sacred band is twined
Of filial and parental ties,
That tender union, so combined
Of nature's gentlest sympathies.
Oh, union, soothing and sublime!
The grave itself, but for a time,
Thy holy bond shall sever;
His hand who rent, shall bind again
With firmer links thy broken chain,
To be complete for ever!"

It is a truth, which experience would soon teach us, even were it not explicitly revealed, that the dealings of Providence are mysterious. God moves in a sphere beyond the reach of finite understanding.

" Clouds and darkness are round about him." " His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known."

Thus, we behold the wicked triumphing, and flourishing as a green bay-tree, while the righteous are afflicted; and, even " when they perish, no man layeth it to heart." Yet, though removed from the scene of labour, and oftentimes in the very moment when they would seem to have been prepared for usefulness, the children of God, we are assured, " are taken from the evil to come." If they are called away, when it would be their delight to serve and honour their Master, and when the blossoms of fond anticipation were expanding with the promise of an abundant produce, we may, notwithstanding, rest in the persuasion, that the Lord of the whole earth is influenced in his conduct by the wisest and purest motives, and will direct and over-rule every occurrence, whether in judgment or mercy, with an unerring hand.

These observations have been naturally suggested by the subject of this narrative, and were, indeed, beautifully illustrated in her simple and interesting story. In years, it is true, she was young; for sixteen summers had scarcely been numbered over her head, when she was laid unto her fathers; but the germ of piety, the only flower which buds on earth to bloom in the regions of happiness beyond the grave, planted in her heart, as in a kindly soil, had risen and spread forth its branches; and her immortal and better part was already ripe for that glory, which eye hath not seen. Her soul, early and rapidly trained for those abodes of uninterrupted felicity, where the spirits of the just dwell in the enjoyment of their Redeemer's presence, appeared eager for his service below; but, in the instant that it stood expecting his commands, it was summoned to his repose above.

When youth and beauty are found united with religion, there is a something in them peculiarly attractive. Those who are

entering on life, imagining, alas! that there lies before them an almost interminable tract of years, are but too often induced to defer preparation for death, from the idea—so awfully fallacious!—that they will have time enough—"a convenient season"—for repentance hereafter: while, on the other hand, a comely exterior so generally fosters pride, that bane of every thing really good, that, as an endowment of an ensnaring tendency, it is perhaps, with submission to the Supreme will, rather to be deprecated than desired.

We may be pardoned, therefore, if we survey a lovely young female, forgetting the admiration of a thoughtless and seducing world, in the exercises of retired devotion, with feelings more than usually alive to the dangers she has been so happily taught to shun, and to the security which her little fragile bark has attained, amidst the war of the surrounding elements, in the haven of a Saviour's love. But, when these are viewed in the distance—a distance im-

penetrable to the eye of sense: when the grave presents a barrier, a dark and dreary barrier, between us and them; and when all connected with their sojourn below has assumed a new and irreversible, and, consequently, a more interesting character, memory, (while our faith forbids us to "sorrow as others who have no hope,") may be permitted to cling to them with unabated, though it may be with an unearthly, affection.

The sun was already declining in the west, when I was requested by my dear and valued friend to attend him to the "house of mourning." "Louisa," he said to me, "is dead. Her sorrows have early reached their close. This morning she entered into the joy of her Lord. Will you come with me, and assist me in ministering consolation to her afflicted family?"

I willingly accepted his invitation, though perhaps my motive may not have been altogether disinterested; for oftentimes there is a "root of bitterness," even where we

consider ourselves most free from every selfish motive. I had learned, by profitable experience, that it "is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." There we survey what, sooner or later, must happen to ourselves; and the chamber of death becomes a monitor, which speaks with a still, small voice, but with an energy that breaks the silence of the tomb. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;" and we cannot too early habituate ourselves to scenes with which we *must*, and that ere long, be conversant.

We had proceeded some time without speaking, for our hearts were full. When the soul is, as it were, overwhelmed within us, it seeks relief rather in undisturbed meditation, than in the alleviations even of the intercourse of friendship. Deep sorrow is frequently, perhaps generally, uncomplaining. The burthen, too heavy to be borne, weighs us down, and leaves us unable to struggle against it's pressure. Our path, moreover, invited to contemplation. It lay along the banks of a lake, which has been the theme

of admiration from age to age; and which, at this moment, was unusually attractive. It's picturesque borders, here rising into the sublime of mountains, so high that you might have thought them leaning on heaven —there stretching with a gay and verdant mantle by the winding shore—and farther towards the east and south, heightened in effect by the variety of light and shade, from the occasionally intercepted radiance of a setting sun—presented to our view unnumbered beauties. On the left, ran the majestic and continuous range of the Jura, which frowned over the rich champaign that separated it from the lake, and seemed as if it would arrest the departing day, now given back to the eye in the tranquil mirror of the blue waters below. On our right, were the Alps, spread with everlasting snows, basking for a little in the retiring ray, and tinged with vermilion, as if enjoying the warmth that was soon to be withdrawn from them, to leave them once more in the colds of their dreary magnificence.

" It was an evening, calm and mild,
As the first evening Nature smiled;
Beauteous, as if the guilt of man
Had ne'er defaced his Maker's plan;
And pain—the penalty of sin—
And death, had never entered in.
No living sound, no motion stirr'd
In earth or air, save song of bird,
Or hum of insect on the wing,
Or trickling flow of pebbly spring."

The occasion of our visit was painfully-pleasing. We were going to condole with an afflicted family; and our hearts, in unison with the claims of Christian fellowship, responded to the benign injunction, " Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Though all around us necessarily partook of the peculiar character of our feelings, and was rendered deeply impressive by the mournful nature of the duty we were going to fulfil, there were, nevertheless, not wanting those soothing alleviations, which gave a shade, if I may be pardoned the expression, of lovely melancholy to the prospect. We were bending our way to the abode of mourners, but

those mourners were of the household of faith. We were approaching the residence of Sorrow; but she had already been enabled to look up in hope. We were bound in spirit to testify of Jesus; but it was to those who had beheld him in his humiliation, and who were now waiting in peaceful expectation of the summons to join him beyond the narrow limits of time and trial. Was it wonder, then, that our minds were calmed by a view of the beauteous world, which, as a tent to dwell in, was spread before us? Surely we had been insensible of His love, who fixed the mountains, and poured the waters to refresh the earth, if we could have been indifferent to so enchanting a perspective of the work of his hands! No:

> "We felt the calm, the healing power,
> The influence of that tranquil hour,
> So deep, so soothing, so serene,
> The loveliness of that sweet scene!"

Our errand but too readily suggested a subject of discourse: "It is but a few short

weeks ago," said my companion, "that I saw Louisa blooming in health, youth, and beauty. She was, indeed, an interesting and charming girl. But how soon are the fond hopes of her friends and parents blasted! The morning rose fair, and without a cloud; but the sun went down ere it had reached it's noon.

"It is, now, about two years since I first became acquainted with her family. I had preached in the church of the Magdalen,* and had not long returned home, when I was informed that a gentleman wished to speak to me in private. It was the father of Louisa. I took him to my little study, and there, with that freedom which a fellowship of hopes inspires, he opened his mind to me on the state of his eternal concerns.

* It was for this sermon, that the individual here alluded to first became an object of injurious treatment to those, who finally interdicted him the pulpit throughout the canton, and ultimately deprived him of his situation in the college, at that time the sole support of a wife and increasing family.

"'For some time, sir,' he said to me, 'I have felt much uneasiness relative to those interests, which only are really worth our care—the interests of my soul. Occasionally, I have been greatly depressed, and have trembled, like Felix, when following the sacred writers, 'as they reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.' For several months I have been desirous of meeting with some one, capable of directing me into the way that leads to life. I am assured those paths are paths of pleasantness and peace; but this very circumstance proves to me that I am yet astray. The discourse,' he added, 'which you have just delivered, induces me to trust that I have at length received an answer to my prayers.'

"There was an openness in his countenance, and a candour and frankness in his air and manner, which I thought indicative of an ingenuous mind, and my heart was knit to him as he spoke. During two hours," my friend continued, "we conversed

together on the subject of a sinner's acceptance with his God. Though little competent to be his instructor at that period (for I was myself yet scarcely emerged from the darkness of an unrenewed spirit, and could only with hesitation point to the Redeemer, and say, 'believe and live'), we were mutually assisted, I would willingly persuade myself, by 'the Author and Giver of every good and every perfect gift.' The day-spring from on high visited us, and our views of Divine truth were reciprocally cleared up, as we communed one with another. 'The eyes of our understandings were enlightened,' and we separated praising God for his mercy to a fallen and guilty world, in sending his only Son to offer a ransom for many—to redeem his children (among whom we humbly hoped ourselves were numbered) from the power of the grave—and to make them partakers hereafter of all the blessedness of that paradise they had forfeited, and that heaven from which they must otherwise have been excluded for ever."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, while my companion paused as if in meditation, "what has not God done for us? To part with his Son—his only Son—he in whom his soul delighted—who had lain in his bosom from eternity—to bleed, to agonize, to die, for man—for sinful and rebellious man!

'This, only this, subdues the fear of death:
And what is this? Survey the wondrous cure,
And at each step let higher wonder rise!
Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon,
Through means that speak it's value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
With blood divine of Him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and aw'd,
Bless'd and chastised, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel midst the thunders of his throne!
Nor I alone, a rebel universe!
My species up in arms! not one exempt!
Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies;
Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt,
As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer as more kind to man!'

"Our friendship," resumed my companion, "thus begun under the most gratifying circumstances, and auspices of the

happiest kind, every succeeding hour only tended to mature. From this time I saw him at intervals, though seldomer than I could have desired. My multifarious avocations, and the many hours I was occupied daily in the duties of my department in the college, precluded me from numerous opportunities of usefulness in other respects, though doubtless all was ordered by unerring Wisdom and infinite Mercy; that, especially, of devoting more of my little leisure to the instruction of those who were beginning to be in earnest about their well-being in the eternal world.

"My knowledge of the other members of his family commenced a month or two previous to your return to us this summer. His wife, and only daughter, she who is now no more, introduced themselves to me one evening after the service in my chapel was concluded. I had remarked them in my little temple once or twice before. It was impossible, indeed, to overlook worshippers so devout, among the thin and scattered

flock that visit with me the sanctuary of their God.* But they had, hitherto, always retired with the rest of the congregation, and I had not had any particular communication with them.

"On this occasion, however, we formed an acquaintance, which gradually grew to an intimacy—an intimacy, I hope, mutually valued and profitable. Mrs. P. first addressed me, stating that it was her daughter's anxious wish to have a few minutes' conversation with me; and she had, therefore, taken the liberty of intruding herself on my attention. It was now, for the first time, that I was enabled to judge of their real character. Louisa, in particular, won upon my affections. But if her outward appearance, which was, indeed, every thing that could interest or please, prepossessed me in her

* At this period, he had, indeed, a thin and scattered flock. Through the Divine blessing, however, it has since gradually augmented, and now my friend has a regular congregation of many hundreds. On the Lord's day, it sometimes amounts to a thousand or upwards.

favour, her modest and unaffected demeanour, and the piety, which so evidently was deeply seated in her heart, rivetted my attachment to her, as one of the redeemed of my Lord. A sister she was, truly, and a sister beloved. But I have now to mourn over her vacant place in the house of God, and to lament that I am no longer aided by her prayers. Yet it would be selfish in me to wish her back again. Her trials are terminated; and if I am no more edified by her presence on earth, I may still be strengthened in the recollection that He, in whom I trust, stood by her faithful unto death, and 'loved her even to the end.'

"She was then in her sixteenth year. A flower, she was, of rare and beauteous growth. Nourished by parental tenderness, guarded with unceasing solicitude, and watered with the dews of heaven, she had expanded in retirement."

"Your description reminds me," I said, "of that elegant similitude of the too loose Catullus:

'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis.'*

"Yes," rejoined my friend, "it may do so, for it is certainly beautiful and appropriate; but had Catullus seen Louisa, and imbibed a portion of her spirit, his pen would not have lost in elegance, what his heart would have gained in chastity.

"Her complexion was fair; and youth and health, combined with the flush of bashfulness which kindled and deepened while she spoke to me, imparted to her an almost indescribable charm. Her eye was animated, and beamed with premature intelligence, giving indication, at the same time, that her bosom was not a stranger to the softening influences of atoning grace. Alas! how soon was that fair exotic to wither and die! How is it's glory perished! It seemed as if earth was too ungenial a climate for it, and it was early removed to flourish in the gardens of heaven. Her

* As blooms a flower in some retreat—
Secluded, shelter'd, fair and sweet.

poor parents! But it was the will of Him who 'seeth not as man seeth,' and that will is best."

"It is true," I replied. "That will, however afflictive or mysterious, is indeed best. Though inscrutable to our limited capacities, we are taught that there is a power, not *destiny*, as so many of your unhappy neighbours profanely aver, which presides over our ways, ordering every event, so as ultimately to render it conducive to the advancement of his children in knowledge and in grace. Is it not written, 'Fear ye not, neither be afraid. Have not I told thee from that time, and have declared it? Ye are even my witnesses. Remember these, O Jacob and Israel; for thou art my servant. I have formed thee, thou art my servant. O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me.' And again, 'They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses.' And the apostle affirms, that '*all things* work together for good to them that love God.'

Though they may appear untoward; and though 'no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," yet it will afterward be productive of its due effects, in the refining of our mortal alloy, for 'he shall sit as a refiner's fire,' to the honour of him who died, that he might purify us unto himself."

"Louisa," my friend continued, "had tasted that her Lord was gracious. His Spirit had been poured out upon her in rich abundance, and had sealed her unto the day of redemption; while 'the fruits meet for repentance' which she bore, manifested that she was indeed a child of God. With him she had enjoyed the invaluable privileges of unrestrained communion, in the rarely-frequented walks of retired meditation, prayer, and praise, and had proved, by enviable experience, the truth of those beautiful lines of your amiable poet:

'The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.'"

Here my friend paused, and we seated ourselves for a moment on the verdant bank that lined our path. As we had advanced, evening had imperceptibly stolen on, and the landscape around us now wore another aspect. Nothing remained of the effulgence of the departed sun, but a few fleecy clouds on the summit of the Jura, which still bore a crimson tinge. It seemed like the smile that often dwells upon the countenance of the Christian, even when the spirit that animated the earthy tabernacle has taken it's flight. So calmly had it gone down, that it appeared to us an apt emblem of Louisa's peaceful removal.

Each had alike risen in another scene. But here, how great the contrast! The spirit of the one had finally left behind it's frail tenement of infirmity, sin and death, soaring beyond the reach of terrestrial things, to partake of pleasures which shall be for evermore. The other had only departed for a season, to return again and again to witness the same atrocities and

sorrows—itself, ere long, to be turned into darkness, and to pass away with a great noise to make room for 'new heavens and a new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness and peace.'

As we arose, and proceeded on our way, my friend resumed: "The scenes of that evening were indelibly engraven upon my heart, and now present themselves before me in colours as vivid, as if they had but just occurred. Nor will they ever be erased from my recollection, while memory can do it's duty! She came to consult with me, as one whom she imagined might assist her in waging her Christian warfare. But whatever might have been my ideas on the subject previous to her entering into the cause of her visit to me, I now was conscious that it was my part to sit at *her* feet, and learn of her. The Lord, indeed, had done great things for her soul. 'I have need,' I said to myself, 'to be taught of thee, and comest thou to me?'

"Little did I think, as I listened delighted to the narrative of her deep experience, that I was so early to be deprived of her counsel and example. And yet, possibly, had I reflected, it might have struck me that her Redeemer was preparing her for himself, that she might be as a bride adorned for her husband. After asking her a few questions, in order to elicit a statement of her sentiments and feelings, her natural bashfulness and the timidity of her disposition were gradually lulled asleep, and she spoke with freedom, and a modest unreserve which I had seldom witnessed, and which were truly engaging. That, however, was but a small portion of what called forth my admiration of that interesting girl. Her attainments in the divine life quite astonished me. If she was young in years, she was old in grace. One expression of her's I particularly remember: 'Ah, sir, I am sometimes sensible of a whole quarter of an hour having elapsed without a thought

of my Saviour!" That verse, which we have sometimes sung together, seemed to be expressive of her desires:—

'Fais que mon cœur ne respire,
O Jésus, que ton amour;
Que mon esprit te désire,
Pour t'être uni nuit et jour.'*

"As they withdrew, I blessed them in the name of my Master, and bade them go in peace. Long my heart followed them; and the recollection of our interview left for a considerable season a heavenly calm upon my mind."

"There is, doubtless," I replied, "a something peculiarly sweet in the communion of saints. As iron sharpeneth iron, there appears to be a flame elicited from the collision of spirits reciprocally participant in that good hope which is through grace. Constituted as we are, frail, and liable to be

* O grant, lov'd Lord, my soul round thee
It's every hope may twine;
While one dear wish inspires my breast,
To be, for ever, thine!

the country-seat of the family was at a considerable distance from me, and my little leisure was generally fully occupied with other stated duties.

"The last time I saw her was, as you know, a few days ago, when her malady had almost attained it's last stage. Whatever she suffered at that afflictive season from the enemy of her soul, and the mysterious dispensation which frequently deprived her of reason, it was still evident, however, even in the moment of mental aberration, that her heart and thoughts were stayed on God. She was called to pass through deep waters; but the issue was glorious. He, who had redeemed her with the price of his own blood, was with her. The everlasting arms were underneath her, and sustained her amidst the swellings of Jordan. This morning I received a message, informing me, that the last conflict was over, and that she had entered on her rest. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!' They exchange a residence in a world of sin and

sorrow, for the bright realities of the paradise of God. She is gone! And may we, my friend, follow in her steps, that we, also, in our appointed time, may inherit those promises which our departed sister now enjoys in the never-to-be interrupted tranquillity of her Redeemer's repose." My heart ejaculated a silent, but deep Amen.

Amidst such interchange of sentiment, and with minds pleasingly attuned by the solemn subjects on which we had been conversing, we insensibly reached the spot, which had only that morning been bereft of one of it's fairest ornaments. Though the abode of mourners, it was a lovely and a peaceful scene, and seemed to invite us to serious meditation on the vanity and instability of all earthly felicity. Our bosoms would necessarily be the seat of many and varying emotions. The house, situated on an eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the lake and the surrounding mountains, stood immediately before us,

presenting an aspect of sweet retirement. It had not long received the farewell salutation of the setting sun—that sun, which had risen upon one of its inmates, who had since been withdrawn to participate in the employments of saints and angels—that sun, which had gone down so serenely, as if it would have spoken comfort to her afflicted relatives. Beneath us, and covering the rapid declivity which extended to the edge of the water, that murmured faintly on the pebbly strand, the vine spread in rich luxuriance, with the promise of an abundant harvest, though already appearing to mourn the absence of those smiles, which could alone bring it's clusters forward to maturity: reminding us of that other vineyard in which we had been called to labour, where all is joy and harmony, while our Master 'lifts up the light of his countenance;' but where gloom and dejection succeed 'the hidings of his face.' Above all, the reflection that another spirit, delivered for ever from sin and it's attendant

trials, had that morning, and from within those walls, winged it's way to the city of eternal habitation, deeply impressed our minds; it was more than sufficient to move the most obdurate heart. Involuntarily we stopped. We would have asked, "where is she?" But she was gone—and with the innumerable company was already singing the new song: "Thou art worthy; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

Praying, as we opened it, that it might be granted to us to speak a word in season, my friend and I passed in silence the gate that conducted to

"This sweet abode of piety and peace."

Scarcely had we entered it, when we perceived that the Lord was there. No loud lamentations! No cries of agony that would not be comforted! No shrieks of despair! True it is, indeed, that when the inmates saw us, in the beautiful and affecting language of inspiration, "they lifted up

their voice and wept;" yet their's was a sorrow which humbled itself under the mighty hand that afflicted, and bowed without a murmur to the Divine will—a sorrow that had hope in death—a sorrow which would not surely be disowned of him, who, inthe days of his flesh, thought it not unbecoming his equality with God, to shed tears beside the grave of a departed friend.

When the first burst of grief, occasioned by former recollections, which had been revived by our presence, had, in some degree, subsided, we were shown into the chamber whence the happy spirit of Louisa had taken it's flight. Here it was, indeed, at once sweet and edifying to witness the all-sufficiency of the grace of God. How delightful, how full of consolation, are the hopes which the Gospel inspires! While the soul of those who are unable to anticipate the future blessedness of the redeemed, sinks within them in the hour of calamity, then that the principles of true religion

become pre-eminently conspicuous. Yea, from the very darkness that surrounds the Christian, he derives support, inasmuch as he has learned that trials are a part of that "covenant which is ordered in all things, and sure," and thus his mind rises, as it were, above the ruins of itself, on the wings of faith. Taught by the bitter portion of his cup to long for, and realize a world unseen, he soars beyond the narrow boundaries of time, and, in full assurance, pierces the veil that divides him from those mansions whither the great Fore-runner is gone before, to prepare a place for those who believe in him, and trust upon his name. There they shall drink of the rivers of his pleasures, and be satisfied with the fulness of his joy—

> "Hail, glorious Gospel! heavenly light, whereby
> We live with comfort, and with comfort die;
> And view, beyond that gloomy scene, the tomb,
> A life of endless happiness to come."

The father and mother of the departed saint now approached together the bed on

which was stretched the pale, but lovely corpse, in whose visage there was still a something which seemed to say to us, "Weep not for me!" and, drawing back the curtains, gazed on it for a few moments. The former then, as if unwilling to allow himself to believe that all hope had vanished, put his hand upon her cheek; and as he did so, the tear rolling slowly from his eye, he gently exclaimed, "My dear daughter!" Her mother calmly added; "How changed since morning!"

During this touching scene, my friend and I stood silent spectators, admiring the efficacy of that grace, which could thus strengthen the tenderest of parents to survey, with the most uncomplaining resignation, the remains of a daughter so amiable, and so deservedly dear to them. Bereaved, it is true, they had been of the child of their affections, by a stroke, the severity of which is known, perhaps, to none but those who have been called to endure it's weight: yet were they conscious that she had only pre-

ceded them in bidding adieu to "the changes and chances of this mortal scene"—that she had only a little earlier than themselves exchanged time for eternity, earth for heaven. Therefore it was, that while they mourned over her, thus prematurely snatched from their embraces, they were enabled to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

We then bowed down together in prayer; and while my friend offered up "supplication with thanksgiving," on behalf of a family whose cup had once run over, but who now were summoned to take their portion in sorrow, we felt how true it is, that the throne of Grace is a refuge, that the world knows not of—a refuge which all it's smiles cannot purchase, and of which all it's frowns would vainly endeavour to deprive us.

As we retired from this scene of affliction, the shades deepened about our path. But the darkness, united with the stillness that reigned around, corresponded not unpleasingly with the soft melancholy which the

duty we had been fulfilling had left upon our minds. We had witnessed the power and faithfulness of God. We had seen sinking nature upheld by Grace; and the assurance which arose from the consciousness that the Lord doeth all things well, had blunted, if it had not turned aside, the shaft. Our hearts, too full to let us speak, save in some incidental observation, were poured forth in silent prayer. As we advanced, the glow-worm occasionally displayed it's gentle lustre beside us, reminding us of that "light which shineth in a dark place"—that precious word of truth, which alone can illumine the benighted understanding, and direct the feet into the ways of security and peace. A planet that beamed calmly and steadily upon our path, whispered of the "Star of Jacob," and of that world which he visited while as yet it "sat in the region of darkness and the shadow of death."

A few days after, we had the melancholy gratification of paying the last tribute of

earthly affection to Louisa. My companion had known her in life—I had seen her in death—and we were now going together to follow all that was mortal of her to the grave. There were but few assembled. The distance from town was considerable, and the father of Louisa had for some time sought only the society of those, who were travelling with himself to Zion. Whatever may have been the cause, the number of mourners was small, but I believe they were most, if not all of them, united in the hope which had sustained Louisa through the last conflict. Like the Jews of old, who went to condole with Martha and Mary, and who were probably, many of them at least, waiting, though in doubt and uncertainty, for the consolation of Israel, those collected on this melancholy occasion were willing to participate in the sorrows of a pious and afflicted family, and anxious to pour the balm of spiritual comfort into their recent, and still-bleeding wounds.

The body, covered with a simple pall,

and borne by friends who had loved her in life, and who lamented her in death, moved slowly from the house. The chief mourners, her father and brothers, my fellow-labourer and myself, (custom not permitting females to attend at funerals,) walked two and two close to the bier. The others of the little party, each in converse with his friend, were disposed behind; and, thus arranged, we proceeded towards the spot where Louisa was to find her "narrow home."

"———— It was sweet and lonely—
No place was it, for grief to nourish care:
It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer."

Like the tomb wherein the blessed Redeemer lay, it had been but lately prepared as a receptacle for the dead. It was situated on an eminence, and seemed formed to guard the remains of those who had fallen asleep in Jesus, till the "shout from Heaven, the voice of the archangel and the trump of God," shall break the bands of the grave.

The body was then committed to the

ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." When the keeper of the inclosure had fulfilled his office, and the last sod was laid upon "the bed of rest," her father, addressing himself to my friend, asked if he might be permitted to return thanks to that God, who had supported him under his afflictions. He then kneeled upon the turf that covered her. We stood in silence beside him. He raised his hands, and said; "Lord, I thank thee that thou hast looked upon me in mercy, and sustained me under all my trials. I thank thee, also, in that thou hast removed my child. Thine she was, and only lent to me for a season; and now thou hast taken her home. Lord, Lord, I thank thee." While we listened, we felt that the Gospel is of a truth the "power of God," and were comforted.

Then rising from his knees, he embraced my friend, and we slowly retired from the spot. The sun shone warm on the grave as we left it, as if to remind us, that the en-

franchised spirit of her we mourned, was then rejoicing in the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness—to rejoice in them for evermore. Though we sorrowed, therefore, it was not as if we were without hope. We sorrowed; but we knew that our sorrow would be turned into joy. The Christian is not one, who pretends to soar above the feelings of humanity. On the contrary, he is alive to suffering, and oftentimes more acutely so than the friend of the world, but he leans not on an arm of flesh, and in looking upward for support, is enabled to "glorify God in the fires." Indeed, were he insensible to the chastening rod, the very object of affliction would be unattained. But, if he is cast down for a season, he possesses the full assurance of deliverance in the appointed time. If clouds and darkness are round about the path in which he journeys, he yet can pierce the gloom in faith, and anticipate the approaching dawn of a glorious and eternal day.

Fixing our eyes once more upon the

turf, beneath which Louisa slept, it was sweet to remember the consoling words, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." The gate was then closed, and we returned to that house which one we loved had left never to enter it again.

Here another affecting scene took place. The mother of the departed stood at the door. She was in tears. Her husband advanced a few paces before us, and they threw themselves into each other's arms, mutually weeping, mutually ministering consolation, and mutually encouraging each other to dedicate themselves, and their surviving children*, anew to God—that God, under whose heavy hand they mourned.

Again we knelt in prayer, and found it good for us to be at the throne of Grace. Many were the tears we shed, but many

* Louisa left two brothers to lament her removal.

also, and soothing, were the refreshings vouchsafed to us in that hour. In despondency and sorrow it would, indeed, have closed, had we not believed that corruption would, ere long, put on incorruption, and that ourselves and our dear sister would, when a few more suns had rolled over her grave, rise to the life immortal, and through the merits and intercession of that Saviour who was then pleading on high for us, who were still journeying Zionward, be re-united to part no more for ever.

And now, in concluding this brief but affecting narrative, may I be permitted to offer a prayer for thee, reader, whoever thou mayest be—" that thou wilt lay these things to heart?" Let the visit, which thou hast paid with me to " the house of mourning," rest upon thy mind. Art thou young? Trust not in thy strength—Louisa was cut off in the very bloom of life. Art thou already advanced on thy pilgrimage? O prepare, prepare—the day of God

approaches on fearfully-rapid wings. If our years are as a shadow, surely the dial warns thee that *thy* sun is far declined.

And for myself—O pray for me, that the remembrance of these solemn scenes, which I witnessed in a foreign land, may keep my eye steadily fixed on that tribunal whither Louisa has been summoned—pray for me, O pray for me, that the recollection of that moment, when, as we returned from her grave, and bowed our knees, and made known our requests to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

> "The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
> Filled ev'ry spirit humbled at his feet,"

may be conducive, through the tender and unmerited mercies of my Redeemer, to my travelling through life in hope. And when the final hour draws near (and who can say that it is not now at hand?) O pray for me, that the God of Louisa may be my God, and her Saviour—mine!

Lines

TO THE MEMORY OF LOUISA.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. Isaiah xl. 6.

Thus have I seen, where two lone rills unite
Their clear cold waters from the Jura's height,
Graceful and fair, the valley's vernal pride,
A lily—smiling on the faithless tide;
'Twas very lovely! Fragile, and consign'd,
In tender sweetness, to the waves and wind,
It moved my pity; for the lightest storm,
Methought, were heavy on so frail a form.
At eve I wander'd, musing, by the spot,
And sought it's beauty—but, alas! 'twas not.
Such are the flowers that strew life's morning-way:
They rise—they open—blossom—and decay!
So bloom'd, and pass'd, Louisa. Yet, while death
Chill'd the sweet current of her vital breath,
Affection, weeping o'er it's tarnish'd gem,
—A rose, though faded, lovely on the stem—
Wiped the warm tear, that wet her struggling breast,
And fell—to stay her in a world unblest.

Hush! From the distance, happy in it's gloom,
Didst thou not hear her call from out the tomb?
" Weep not for me! Though death's dark vale I trod,
'Twas but the spirit, as it pass'd to God;
Weep not for me! Here sighs and sorrows cease
For here, dear Saviour! is thy reign of peace;
Weep not for me! Life's toils and trials o'er—
I've reach'd that rest, which sin shall break no mor

FINIS.

The New Village Pastor.

Methinks I see the man of truth appear,
Hailed with a look of love, and smile sincere:
A man of wisdom, in his temper kind,
Blest with a lowly heart, and heavenly mind.—*Jones.*

Εν τούτοις ἴσθι.—1 Tim. iv. 15.

THE NEW VILLAGE PASTOR:

A SWISS TALE.

PART I.

In one of the most delightful valleys of our beloved Switzerland,* is a village, well known for the opulence of it's inhabitants, and for their justly acquired character of probity and worth. There, perhaps, the

* The expression in the original is, "de notre Suisse." Those only who have seen that beauteous country, that

"Happy rural seat of various view,
Where the irriguous valley spreads her store,
Flowers of all hue—where murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crown'd,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams"—

(PARADISE LOST, b. iv.)

can know the feelings of it's inhabitants when they say, "notre Suisse."

Sabbath is more religiously and holily observed, and the name of God more duly reverenced, than in any other quarter of the globe. True it is, that during a long course of years, they have enjoyed, through the infinite mercy of the Lord, the invaluable privilege of being instructed by faithful pastors — by a succession of evangelical men, whose hearts were entirely devoted to the Lord Jesus, and whose whole lives were consecrated to the advancement of his kingdom; and who, tenderly loving the souls of their people, were constrained to declare unto them *all* the truth, and to point to Christ as the only source of blessedness to man.

The pastor of this happy parish had returned to his God, to receive the crown of the approved disciple: and the assembly of the ministers and elders of the canton, after having consulted the flock, had made choice of a new shepherd, whom they had solemnly charged in the name of the Lord to feed, with affectionate solicitude and de-

votedness, that portion of the Lord's inheritance.

He was a man of about twenty-seven years of age, who, for a considerable period, had dedicated himself to the service of Christ; one, full of that living faith which takes up it's habitation in the heart, and becomes there the origin of all that the Christian is able both to undertake and execute for his Redeemer. Trained up for his labours in the church of ——, under the guidance of tried servants of the Lord Jesus, he had derived from the treasures of their unfeigned piety the sentiments by which he was animated; and he regarded his life as belonging only to Him who had redeemed it, and without an interest in whom, the soul of man must sink into irretrievable misery and ruin.

On the day which preceded the Sabbath, he set out to enter upon the charge of his flock. On this interesting occasion, his true friends, Christians like himself, had met together; and, after having entreated for him, in fervent prayer, the gift of the Spirit

of Christ, they had thus addressed him: "Go, O our brother, go whither the Saviour sends you! Declare the Gospel:* be not ashamed of the cross; and may the Lord open unto you the door, that you may proclaim the mystery of Christ! Go, man of God! our prayers shall follow you, and shall strive for you."—"Amen," ejaculated the pastor; and, after a moment or two employed in supplication, and taking an affectionate leave of his brethren, he commenced his journey towards his new abode.

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* The French, in this instance, is very expressive: "évangélisez les ames;" literally "evangelize souls." There is a similar expression in the Greek, in our Saviour's commission to his disciples, Matt. xxviii. 19, "μαθητευσατε παντα τα εθνη;" translated, "teach all nations," but literally, "disciple all nations." Henry's remark on this passage is so valuable, and so much in unison with the spirit of the narrative, that I need not apologize for introducing it. "Μαθητευσατε — admit them disciples; do your utmost to make the nations Christian nations: not, Go to the nations and denounce the judgments of God against them, as Jonah against Nineveh, and as the other Old Testament Prophets, (though they had reason enough to expect it from their wickedness), but, Go and disciple them."

To reach it, it was necessary to pass over a mountain which incloses the valley on the south. As he slowly ascended it, he revolved in his mind, as in the sight of his God, the multiplied duties of the minister of the Gospel. The office of an ambassador of Christ, which he was going to fill —that repentance, to which he was to direct his fellow-men—that mystery of love and grace, which he was to make known unto them—that salvation by the cross of the Son of God, which he was bound in spirit to publish in the midst of the opposition, which the heart of man has always manifested against it—that great work of awakening souls, upon which he was just entering —all the interesting and solemn task of the pastor, appointed to watch over the sheep of the Lord, presented itself to his view, and filled his mind with the most lively emotion.

But, when he had attained the summit of the mountain, and suddenly cast his eyes on the hamlet over which, as in the Divine pre-

sence, he was about to assume the charge; when he beheld the valley where he was going to proclaim the word of Christ; his soul was too much agitated to allow him to continue his walk: and, collecting his thoughts, with the most profound abasement, he exclaimed, "O Jesus! O my Master! who is sufficient for these things?* O immortal souls, inhabitants of yonder valley, of what character will my ministry among you be? O my friends, be faithful to your promise—pray! O unite in supplication,

* Happy the man who feels like the pastor represented in this narrative! May I be excused for calling the attention of the reader more particularly to this important subject—the necessity of divine support? Much, doubtless, of the want of success in Ministers, especially young Ministers, of piety, arises, is it not to be feared, from undervaluing the only source from which our sufficiency proceeds? If this should meet the eye of any who are conscious that they have too much depended on themselves, and whose labour has been but too ineffectual, let it stimulate them henceforth to fix their dependance more wholly and simply on the power and grace of Christ, and on the aid and influences of the Holy Spirit.

that 'God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ:' (Col. iv. 3)—then sitting down, he began to reflect upon the object of his mission, and especially on the duty of the Minister of the Word.

"If," said he, "the ambassador, appointed by his sovereign to conduct some important negotiation, concentrates upon it all his attention, all his faculties, and all his powers; if he feels a deep sense of the extent of his duties; and if, in order to succeed in his undertaking, he uses every precaution, embraces every resource, prepares the means, and studies to bend the inclinations, and to get access to the hearts of those with whom he has to do; if the interests, if the honour of him by whom he is commissioned, are the principal and constant objects of his anxious and unceasing care—what should *my* feelings be? I, who am the ambassador of Christ, the messenger of the Saviour to the souls, the immortal souls, of men!

"It is not a child of man whom I serve; it is not a creature like myself who has said to me, 'Go, and speak in my name!' It is the Lord, it is Jehovah, whose minister I declare myself to be! It is the King of kings, the Prince of eternity himself, who commands me to go forth to his creatures, and invite them to acknowledge him as their God! It is not with reference to interests, which, though perhaps valuable and important in this world, must soon be ended, and pronounced 'vanities,' that I am to act; the things, concerning which I am employed, are eternal. I come to treat and to determine upon *that* which shall endure when heaven and earth, and all that I now behold, shall have passed away. It is not to the mere inhabitants of these houses, and the cultivators of these lands, to the beings whom I perceive in the midst of the fields, occupied in different cares and labours, that I am going to address myself; but it is to that which is within them—it is to that source of understanding, and feeling, and life—to

that soul, from which their ability to act proceeds.

"As to the men whom I see, they must soon fall like the leaf, which is just dropping from yonder tree; yet a little while, and that now active dust must return to it's original. But there is in them a soul; O thou infinite Jehovah! a soul, which thou hast created, and which thou wilt never destroy! a soul, for thou hast thyself declared it, in comparison of which the whole world is worthless! a soul, fitted for infinite and eternal happiness, or for misery without end. It is to your souls, O my fellow-creatures, that I am sent! It is to them, that I am commanded to carry the word of life, that word of God which alone bringeth salvation—which bringeth salvation!" repeated the pastor, leaning his head upon his hands. "How great a mystery, O my God, and yet how awfully true! Yes; all these men who are before me, as well as all who inhabit this earth, if they are not ransomed by Thyself, are lost—lost for ever! The

principle of vitality which animates them, and impels them to the various actions of their present existence, is but the semblance of life, and may be united with spiritual death, even the death of their souls.* In the midst of so great agitation, and of so many conflicting interests, there may subsist the profound and fearful sleep of the soul; and under the dazzling rays of that unclouded sun, they may be plunged in the thick, the terrible darkness of error. And, in the midst of their feasts, when their joyous songs are resounding, they may be upon the very brink of the most dreadful ruin, and on the point of being cast into that place, 'where is weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

* "He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.
But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing—
But rather death disguised."

"And thus, Lord, it is, because thou art holy and hatest sin; because thou hast made man, that thou mightest be known and mightest be beloved by him; because thou didst put into his heart and into his soul the image of thy glory: and yet he estranges himself from thee. He refuses thee his heart —he loves himself—he seeks his own; and thee his Creator, thee who gavest him breath, and who causest the blood to circulate in his veins—he forgets—he contemns! O my God, he hates thee!* O horrible effect

* To some, these remarks of the new pastor will doubtless appear hard sayings: to prove that they are scriptural, we need only, I think, refer to Rom. i. 30; James, iv. 4; and Rom. viii. 7. But, after all, to the natural man, the things of the Spirit will be foolishness. Should any feel disposed to dive deeper into this subject they may consult with advantage that admirable little work, "The Answer of Joseph Milner (the Church historian) to Gibbon's Account of Christianity," particularly the fourth Section of the first Part. There they will find unmasked a man eminently liberal (at least in profession), polite, and accomplished, charging Almighty God to his face! a God-hater without a veil! And well would it be,

of sin, thus to alienate the affections of the child from his heavenly Parent, and excite rebellion in the creature against Him, who brought him out of nothing into existence! O the wickedness, the hardness of the heart of man, which resists all the attractions of these splendid works of the Most High, which proclaim around with so divine an eloquence, his power, his wisdom, and his infinite love! O fatal error of the soul, which thus continually stifles the voice of conscience—that so often invites it to heaven; quenching, as it were, with frantic violence, that small remain of light which still shines in the darkness!"

As he uttered these words, the pastor melted into tears. His mind was deeply affected. The thought, alas! the certainty —that amongst those men whose guide he

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if some, who are far from running such lengths of blasphemous impiety, but whose hearts are not yet right with God, could be persuaded seriously to revolve in their minds the arguments contained in the tract to which I have alluded.

had become, many still continued in this awful state, and might perhaps perish in it —oppressed his soul. His ministry appeared to him a painful and inefficient struggle against the sinfulness, the depravity of the human heart; and he exclaimed, "My God, my God, wilt thou leave them to perish?" Then, the salvation which is in Christ presented itself to his mind in all its power.* His soul contemplated, in delightful tranquillity, that economy of grace, in which God, touched with mercy, condescends himself to become like unto sinful flesh; that is, assumes our nature, and in tender compassion undertakes our salvation. The plan of the redemption of mankind unfolded itself to his view. He saw the creature, fallen and afar off from his Creator through sin, brought nigh again, and reconciled, and re-united to his God, through the Saviour—the Father in his

* Beautiful illustration of the Apostle's remark, "When I am weak then am I strong." 2 Cor. xii. 10.

mercy delivering up his Son, and the Son, in his infinite love, proffering himself in the place of man; becoming united to him by his almighty power; taking on himself his miseries, and bearing the chastisement due to them. He saw the Holy Spirit entering into the heart, and abiding there, to soften it and lead it back to its Creator. He saw the soul, thus awakened from its sleep, receiving and embracing the light of heaven, thrusting away the world with disdain, and resolving to walk by faith towards that city, of which the "builder and maker is God."

"I will go, then," cried he, "to tell them, to repeat to them without ceasing: yes, I will go to yon immortal souls;—My sheep, my dear parishioners, I will carry you the glad tidings! I will preach Christ the Saviour! I will tell you from him, that if sin, now reigning in you, alienates you from your God, and deprives you of rest; if your own self-love, and the desire to establish your own righteousness, leaves your

soul destitute of peace; if your manifold infirmities trouble your consciences, and make you tremble at the prospect of dissolution, which every moment draws more near; I will tell you, that there is yet for you a firm tranquillity—a solid repose—a new, an inexhaustible, serenity and joy—a life worthy of being possessed in the love of your Saviour! I will repeat to you a thousand times, O my fellow men! that it is for you, that this salvation is proclaimed! that it is to you, that the Lord has sent to offer it at my hands! I, who am your friend and your fellow-traveller to an eternal world, will proclaim that it is free, absolutely free: that to obtain possession of it, possession for ever, you have only to receive it,* and not, deluded

* "And sure, it is as kind to smile, and give,
As with a frown to say, 'Do this and live.'
Love is not pedlar's trumpery, bought and sold:
He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold:
His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
And him as deeply who abhors it not.

beings, to thrust from you the paternal arms stretched out towards you by the Almighty!

"May a door be opened unto me, as it regards you, poor immortal souls, who must so soon appear before God! Yes, Lord, hear the prayers of my friends, and go before me unto those, to whom thou dost send me! It is thou, O Jehovah, thou alone, O Jesus, who hast the key of David! It is thou who shuttest, and no man openeth; but it is thou also who openest, and no man shutteth. What am I in thy sight, O Lord, but a voice commissioned by thy love to call on the sons of men? Who shall excite in them attention and humility—who shall subdue their wills—who shall alarm their consciences, if it be not—Thou who hast awakened myself?"

He stipulates, indeed, but merely this—
That man will *freely* take an unbought bliss;
Will trust him for a faithful, generous part,
Nor set a price upon a willing heart."

COWPER.

The pastor then prostrated himself before Him who liveth for ever and ever, and offered up his adoration. He humbled himself under a deep sense of his wretchedness, and gave glory unto Him.

Then rising up, he continued his walk, and descended towards the village where he was about to enter on his "work and labour of love," as "priest of the living God."

THE NEW VILLAGE PASTOR:

A SWISS TALE.

PART II.

WHEN the feelings of a believer have been powerfully excited, there is nothing of an external nature that more contributes to the tranquillizing of his mind, than a view of the works of God. The creation exhibits so much peace and concord; there is such a sweet consistency in the different objects, and forms of a landscape; the plains, with their variegated plots of ground, the mountains, with their rocks and woods, the sky and clouds, with their softly-blended tints, present a picture which, when contemplated for a few moments with those feelings, which the creature ought ever to possess in the

presence of his Creator, leads us to partake in some degree of that eternal harmony, of which the Lord is at once the centre, and the cause.*

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* " ——————— The boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields:
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven:
• • • • • • •
These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart."

BEATTIE.

The reader will not be displeased with this interesting description, so strikingly similar to that in the tale, that it seems almost the same in a poetical dress. The evangelical propriety, however, of the narrative, gives it, I think, no small superiority.

The charms of nature display themselves, too often, utterly in vain, to the man who is unconverted. "Their line is, indeed, gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." But who regards them? An infidel may choose to roam, "where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends;" and to witness "nature's pages

This the pastor experienced, as he drew nigh to the village. The road, shaded by ancient oaks, winded along the sides of the mountain, and unfolded new scenes at each successive moment. Sometimes were seen extensive meadows, sprinkled with farm-houses and knots of trees; sometimes a forest appeared, in the depths of which the road seemed to be swallowed up; at another turn, the arrow upon the steeple glittered above the rounded tops of the walnut and lime trees, or the blue smoke rose in undulating columns from the half-concealed roof of the cottage. All these objects, while they charmed his eyes, were no less interesting to his heart, because they were connected in his mind with the work which he was going to undertake, and pursue, in the midst of those peaceful villagers. "Happy, thrice happy!" he exclaimed, "the man to

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glassed by sun-beams on the lake;" and he may remain miserable, and an infidel, still. It is the man, who is first "admitted to the embraces of his God," who really feels, and enjoys, the beauties of nature.

whom the Saviour has said, "Go, preach my Gospel." If his heart is truly submissive to his Master—if he consecrates himself in sincerity to his service, it is no longer a painful and fatiguing task in which he is engaged; but even his own happiness, is therein daily promoted and increased. O how true is it, that to be a pastor is a good work!*

But, though his heart was thus pleasingly affected, he did not immediately enter the hamlet. His mind was powerfully attracted to serious meditation. Leaving the avenue which conducted to the nearest dwellings, he chose a winding pathway, and proceeded by the back of the village into the church-yard. There, he easily discovered what he sought.

At the foot of an aged alder, and beneath its flowering branches, in the most solitary corner of that silent abode, a stone newly hewn indicates the spot where a pious pastor sleeps. On it, these words are rudely

* 1 Tim. iii. 1.

engraven; "My flesh shall rest in hope."* "Yes," said the young minister; "yes, my brother, what you have committed to Him, will be kept against that day by him to whom it has been entrusted, for he is faithful. At His voice, with which you were acquainted here below, and which you patiently followed through so many contests and afflictions, you will soon rise again from the tomb, and obtain that glory after which you have so often sighed. He will give it you for ever—for ever! How impressive the thought! Never, no, never can it be lost! A few years—a few passing days—a little, little while—and then, eternity in the bosom of Jesus! Then, no more doubts—no more weaknesses—no more fatigues—no discouragements—no mournful sighs; but the fulness of joy—the perfect peace of the soul—all its desires accomplished, its thirst satisfied for ever! O my Saviour, how sweet the influence which this assured

* Psalm xvi. 9.

hope exercises over my soul! Servant of Jesus, this hope was thine. How often was it exhibited in thy peacefulness, in thy serenity, and in the affectionate confidence, which I ever experienced at thy hands! How often have I noticed on thy lips that rising smile, which seemed the presage of the enjoyment of unutterable happiness beyond the grave!

"My honoured friend, how frequently hast thou repeated to me those words, 'He that hath the Son hath life!' How frequently hast thou led me to feel that one thing only is needful for a poor child of Adam: that love to Jesus is his *all*, and his only blessedness!

"And yet," said he, as he laid his hand upon the stone, "in this very spot, yes, beneath this earth, rests the man who declared to me these things! Now, he speaks no more. No smile, no brilliant thoughts, no heavenly joys, illume that countenance; all is extinguished, all is gradually moulder-ing away to dust! His soul is no longer here!... And it is *here*," added he, casting

a glance over the surrounding church-yard, "it is doubtless *here* that I, also, shall repose with him until the hour when the voice of the archangel shall burst the tombs, and proclaim that 'there shall be time no longer.' Amen. Lord! Amen. Let my life, which is thine, be consecrated to thy service: and when I have finished the work which thou hast appointed me, may I be laid near this thy ransomed one, to await thy coming, O my Redeemer!"

As he uttered these words, he bent his course towards the parsonage, where the elders of the church and some friends from the neighbourhood were assembled, expecting with a holy and solemn joy the arrival of their pastor—of the worthy successor of him, who had witnessed the birth of most of them, and of whom nearly all were children in the faith.

Every thing was tranquil in the village. It was the eve of the Sabbath; and that Sabbath was but the second, on which they were no more to hear the paternal voice of their

faithful shepherd. Some families were sitting in front of their houses, conversing on the loss they had sustained, and on the love which the Lord continued to manifest in still granting them an evangelical minister, to enlighten them with eternal light, and nourish their souls with the bread of life, through the knowledge of Jesus. They rose on all sides to welcome the new pastor. Parents pointed him out to their children, whilst the old men went forward towards him, took his hand, and wished him unnumbered blessings. They followed his steps till he entered the room where the elders, rendered anxious by his delay, were already deliberating whether they should not go forth to meet him.

"May the peace of the Lord be with you all, my dear and respected friends," said he, as he stretched out his hands to these aged disciples. "May his benediction rest upon my labours among you, and may he enable me to walk in the path which your late dear and pious instructor, my

thrice happy brother, pursued."—"Amen!" repeated many voices. "Amen. May the Lord grant us this blessing!"—"Let us then earnestly implore it," added he, falling on his knees: "since he is our God, and we are his people, let us commit ourselves unto him as our Shepherd."

The pastor then dedicated himself to the service of the Lord, in the presence of his parishioners. He entreated the divine mercy for himself; and prayed that he might proclaim with joyful success the "mystery of Christ." He gave glory to the Saviour, and humbly had recourse to his merits in behalf of those to whom he was sent. Then, having taken his place in the midst of the elders, he thus addressed them: "Friends and brethren, for many years the counsel of God has been declared to you by his faithful ministers, and the word of salvation has been in a remarkable manner acknowledged among you. Already have many of the people of God removed from this village to a happy eternity. You number your

parents or your children amongst the glorified saints, and your own earnest desires anticipate the blissful moment when you also shall take, in the house of your Father, the place which 'our elder brother,' and 'our God,' has prepared for you from before the foundation of the world. Blessed be the Lord for so striking a manifestation of his grace; and may he preserve this faith even to the end! This, my friends, he will do. The work that in his mercy he has begun, his long-suffering and his faithfulness will not fail to complete; for not one of those, whom the Father has given him, shall in any wise perish —He is greater than all, and none shall pluck them out of his hand."

The old men bowed with respectful attention, exclaiming, in a low voice, "Amen! amen! — It is not, therefore, on your account, my honoured friends," he added, "that my soul is disquieted; but 'all have not faith:' and though the good seed has been abundantly sown and blessed in this village, tares have also been scattered by the enemy. More than once have I seen

the tears of my honoured predecessor flow down at the thought of the condemnation, ready to burst upon the heads of those unhappy men, who have hardened themselves in unbelief, and trodden under foot the merciful invitations of the Saviour.

" The Lord," said he, " chastens me; he sends me a very grievous affliction, but it is for my good—to make me feel that I am nothing—that to him alone it belongs to soften the heart, and convince me of my own weakness and unworthiness; for, with how little zeal have I laboured! I have not, however, concealed the truth from them; both in private and from the pulpit, denouncing the judgments of the Lord! Unfortunate men! nothing affects them, nothing excites their fears. They beheld one of their unbelieving companions perish in despair. They heard him curse the day of his birth, and cry out with horror at the approach of eternity! Another they have seen smitten in his children and his property, and himself the victim of a dreadful

derangement; and yet they rush—rush like madmen to destruction! O my friends, what a cup of bitterness are the servants of Jesus often called to drink! And yet what heart was ever more charitable, or more patient, than that of your worthy pastor?"

"Ah, it is indeed true, Sir," said one of the elders; "none ever was more gentle, or more full of forbearance, than our dear lamented pastor. But, alas! it is pride that leads these poor rebels astray. I have observed one in particular, the son of an old friend whom I saw depart for the glory of God. He received some little instruction at a College, and in consequence imagined himself a philosopher; and now the poor young man talks of nothing but reason, and the enlightened views of the present age. Is it urged upon him that he is a sinner? he admits it; but it is in a general sense, and he spurns at the acknowledgment of that depravity of the carnal mind, which consti-

tutes the enemy of God.* For myself, I am assured, that pride is the source of all the evil."

"I agree with you, my honoured brothers" said the pastor: "so long as a man has neglected to descend into his own heart, and to see there that deep and desperate wickedness of which the Scriptures speak—so long as he is satisfied with merely confessing with his lips that he is not holy and perfect, and refuses to inquire diligently wherein his holiness is deficient, and what is meant by the names 'wicked,' 'unrighteous,' 'enemy of God,' which the word of truth applies to him, so long he remains spiritually dead.† He is angry with, and opposes, every one that attempts to disclose to him his sins; in short, he hates the Bible, because he cannot read it without feeling himself condemned."

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* Jer. xvii. 9; Eph. ii. 1---3; Rom. viii. 7; Titus, iii. 3. See also note, p. 34.

† Eph. ii. 1 -5.

The elder replied; "I feel your observation to be peculiarly just, having personally experienced its truth. On revisiting this village, after an absence of ten years in the French service, I brought back with me that spirit of arrogancy in matters of religion so common amongst soldiers. I had been educated under our late worthy pastor; but yet, notwithstanding, when I heard him, on my return, declare the merits of Jesus Christ to be the only source of salvation, and that this is independent of what the sinner can do;* when he unfolded the state of spiritual death and condemnation into which all men are plunged by transgression whatever may be their character here below—the most upright in the estimation of the world, as well as the most abandoned†—I was so disgusted with this old-fashioned doctrine, as I impiously called it, that I left the church, and openly ex-

* Rom. iv. 5.

† Rom. iii. 19—23, and 1 Tim. i. 15.

pressed my dissatisfaction; branding him as a dotard, who confounded good and evil, and who, in his zeal to prove that our virtue was not the procuring cause of our salvation, would in the end destroy our love of virtue altogether."*

"And yet," said the pastor, "the Holy Scriptures are sufficiently explicit on this truth, that man is not saved by his works, but that salvation is entirely of free grace—a gift of the mercy of God;† who, not willing the death of the sinner, gives him the righteousness which he needs, by clothing him with that of his only and well-beloved Son.‡ It seems to me, that if you allowed the authority of the Bible, you had only to open it either in the Prophets, or in the Gospel, to be convinced that man, 'born a

* It will well repay the reader, to peruse, in connexion with the above remarks, the excellent observations of Dr. Chalmers on the same subject, in the first volume of his "Christian and Civic Economy," pp. 188—191.

† Eph. ii. 8, 9; Rom. xi. 6; Titus, iii. 4—8.

‡ Rom. iii. 20—25; and x. 1—5.

child of wrath,' is under the curse, until he is renewed by the Holy Spirit.* But, perhaps, at that time you did not read the Bible?"

"I read it," replied the elder, "and I have always read it, even when I was in the army; but I interpreted it in my own way. For instance, that curse which the Scripture says rests upon the sinner, I understood to mean a sort of disapprobation on the part of God, something of the same kind with that which I showed towards my child when he disobeyed me, and which blew over in the same manner as mine had so often done. With regard to my own righteousness, I had no objection to admit that I was not without sin, and that more than once I had broken God's commandments; but I said to myself: if I have done some harm, I have also done some good, and God will not overlook the good which he has enjoined on us to do. I was not aware at

* John, iii. 1—9.

that time, that a man cannot do what is good, I mean what really deserves that name, before his heart loves the law which requires him to do it; and that he cannot love that law till his 'heart of stone has been exchanged for a heart of flesh,' by the mighty power of the Lord Jesus Christ, who only can reveal to us the knowledge of the Father, and shed abroad his love in our souls.* I should still have remained in this ignorance and hardness of heart, but for the kindness of a compassionate Saviour."

"Let us, then," exclaimed the pastor, addressing himself to the whole assembly, "let us, my brethren and friends, repose our hope on the mercy of God, that he will cause that light which he has shed abroad in our souls by the knowledge of Jesus, to shine also upon those who have hitherto continued to walk in the darkness of death. The grace of God alone has made us to differ from the greatest of unbelievers

* Matt. ii. 27; Heb. viii. 10; Ezek. xxxvi. 25---27.

amongst our fellow-men ;* and when God shall have shown mercy to them, they will unite with us in giving him the glory. This blessing, which my soul so ardently desires for them, it is his alone to bestow, and he only knows the time at which he will grant our requests. But our prayers must ascend up to him—we must make intercession in the name of Jesus for these poor wanderers, by whom we are surrounded ; and we are assured, that our supplication offered 'according to the will of the Lord,'† 'who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn and live,' will not go up in vain."

As he said these words, the pastor again knelt down with the old men, before HIM who is present "wherever two or three are gathered together in his name." He blessed him for the infinite kindness which he had manifested towards them, intreating him

* 1 Cor. x. 11 ; Titus, iii. 3---5.

† 1 John, v. 14

with all the fervour of a soul inflamed with the sacred fire of charity, to fructify the seed which he was going to sow, and by his Holy Spirit to dispose every heart to receive it.* He implored, in the last place, his patience in behalf of the ungodly, and besought him, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain, to open their eyes that they might see and know their Redeemer. "But, to-morrow," added he, taking the hands of the old men, "to-morrow we shall solemnly present ourselves, with our brethren and sisters, before him who has redeemed us, to implore in the church his eternal blessings both for ourselves and ours. Go, therefore, now; go to your families; prepare your children and your servants to sanctify the sabbath of the Lord, and invite them, in the name of their Saviour, to dedicate themselves in sincerity to his service."

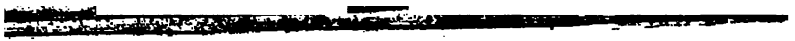
The old men bowed with respect before the man of God, and returned homewards,

* Matt. xiii. 23; Acts, xvi. 14.

communing one with another of the love of Him that liveth for ever and ever, and who was soon about to receive them into his bosom.

It was thus that the new village pastor entered upon his sweet and solemn office: and laid, from the first, the only foundation which can be laid—"Jesus Christ, and him crucified."* Happy the souls, who feed beneath the crook of this faithful shepherd; and happy every pastor, who, like him, lives only unto the Lord!

* 1 Cor. iii. 11; Acts, iv. 12.

THE END.

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